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Chicago MAGAZINE

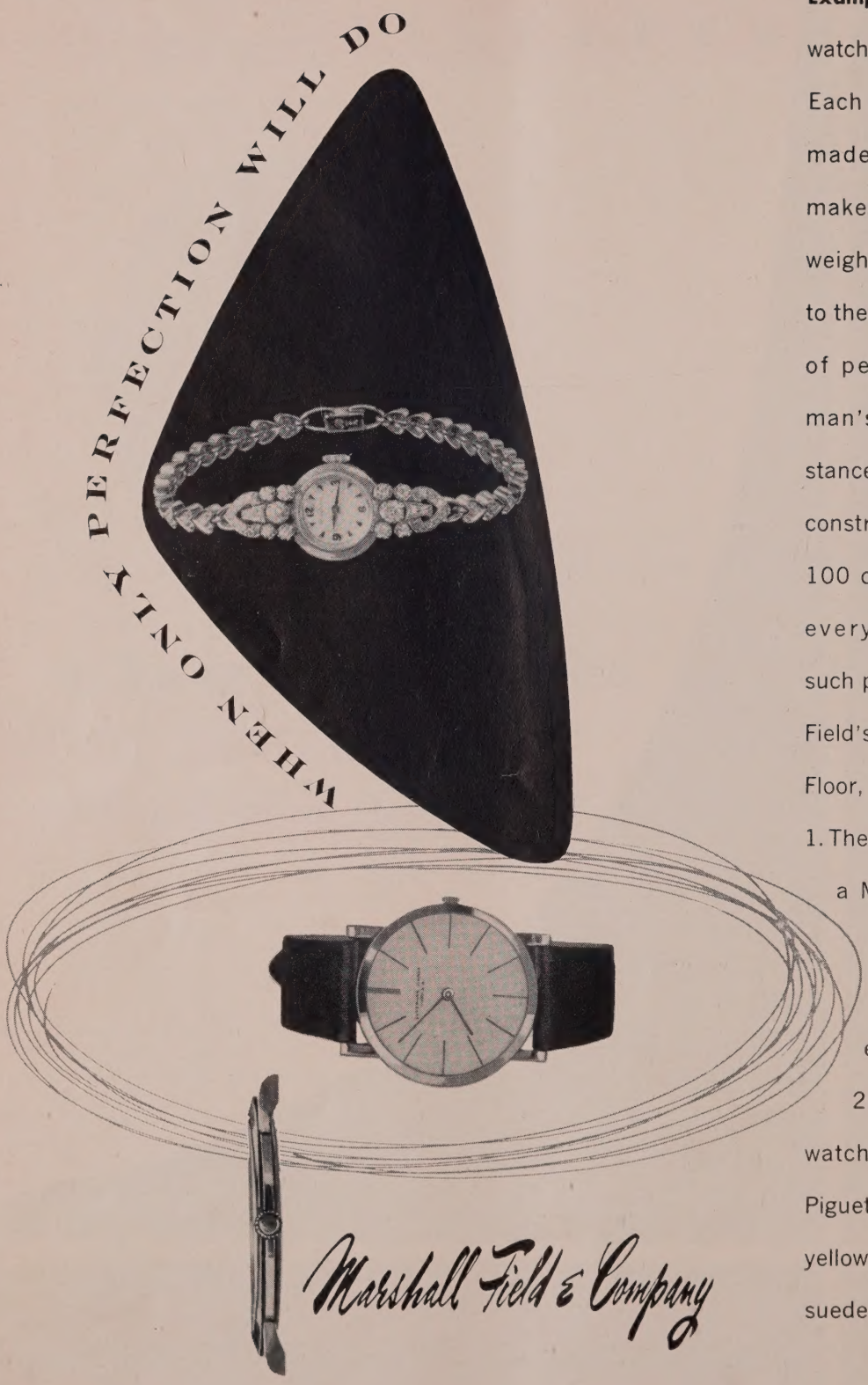
Franz Alexander: the Man W
Brought Freud Here

THE MAN WHO FINGERED HODGE

THE BEDBUG MISSION OF SKID ROW

OUR TIMID COLLEGE STUDENTS

october 1956 | 35 ce



Example, the Swiss watches on this page. Each delicate part is made by the watchmaker who balances, weighs, gauges them to the fullest measure of perfection. The man's watch, for instance, is so precisely constructed that only 100 or so are made every year. Where such perfection but at Field's. Watches—First Floor, South Wabash.

1. The woman's watch, a Movado in 14 K white gold, diamond encrusted. $884*

2. The man's watch, an Audemars Piguet with a slim 18 K yellow gold case, black suede band. $880*

*including tax

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Chicago october 1956

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Chicago and Alton Railroad Company.

TIME TABLE

FOR THE SPECIAL TRAIN, CONVEYING THE FUNERAL CORTEGE WITH THE REMAINS OF THE LATE

PRESIDENT

FROM

CHICAGO TO SPRINGFIELD,

Tuesday, May 2, 1865.

Train Distance.	Prev. Sta'n'n Distance.	Stations.		
		CHICAGO	Leave	9:30 P. M.
1.7	1.7	FORT-WAYNE JUNCTION	"	9:45 "
3.5	1.8	BRIDGEPORT	"	9:55 "
12.0	8.5	SUMMIT	"	10:25 "
17.6	5.6	JOYS	"	10:40 "
25.5	8.0	LEMONT	"	11:10 "
32.5	7.0	LOCKPORT	"	11:33 "
37.7	5.2	JOLIET	"	11:50 "
46.4	8.7	ELWOOD	"	12:18 A. M.
48.6	2.3	HAMPTON	"	12:27 "
55.0	6.5	WILMINGTON	"	12:42 "
58.0	4.8	STEWART'S GROVE	"	12:58 "
61.4	3.5	BRACEVILLE	"	1:08 "
65.0	3.8	GARDNER	"	1:22 "
74.0	9.0	DWIGHT	"	1:52 "
82.0	8.0	ODELL	"	2:17 "
87.4	5.2	CAYUGA	"	2:35 "
92.3	5.0	PONTIAC	"	2:52 "
97.8	5.5	OCOYA	"	3:09 "
102.5	4.7	CHENOA	"	3:25 "
110.6	8.0	LEXINGTON	"	3:52 "
118.5	7.9	TOWANDA	"	4:18 "
124.0	5.7	ILL. CENTRAL R. R. JUNCTION	"	4:37 "
126.0	2.0	BLOOMINGTON	"	4:43 "
133.0	6.8	SHIRLEY	"	5:07 "
136.5	3.6	FUNK'S GROVE	"	5:18 "
141.4	4.8	McLEAN	"	5:35 "
146.0	4.6	ATLANTA	"	5:50 "
150.0	4.0	LAWN DALE	"	6:03 "
156.8	6.7	LINCOLN	"	6:26 "
164.0	7.1	BROADWELL	"	6:50 "
167.6	3.7	ELKHART	"	7:03 "
174.5	5.8	WILLIAMSVILLE	"	7:22 "
178.3	4.8	SHERMAN	"	7:38 "
180.0	2.1	SANGAMON	"	7:46 "
185.0	5.0	SPRINGFIELD	Arrive	8:00 "

The following instructions are to be observed for the above train:

1. All other Trains on this Road must be kept thirty minutes out of the way of the time of this Train.
2. All Telegraph Stations must be kept open during the passage of this Train.
3. A Guard with one red and one white light will be stationed at all road crossings by night; and with a white flag draped by day, or after day-light, on Wednesday morning.
4. A Pilot Engine will run upon this time, which is to be followed by the Funeral Train, ten minutes behind.
5. Pilot Engine must not pass any Telegraph Station, unless a white flag by day, or one red and one white light by night, shall be exhibited, which will signify that the Funeral Train has passed the nearest Telegraph Station. In the absence of said signals, the Pilot Engine will stop until definite information is received in regard to the Funeral Train.
6. The Funeral Train will pass all Stations slowly, at which time the bell of the Locomotive must be tolled.

By order of Brevet Brigadier General D. C. McCallum, 2d Div., in charge of Military Railroads.

ROBERT HALE,
General Superintendent.

Whereas...
Whereas...
Therefore...

When historic events take place, it is incumbent on high offi cials to issue suitable proclamations, and to couch them i terms as florid as the occasion requires. The documents repro duced here cover a span of 91 years, from the death o Abraham Lincoln to the centennial of George Bernard Shaw' birth. The poster at left was issued by the Chicago & Alto railroad to inform mourners of the schedule of the Lincol funeral train from Chicago to Springfield. The three belo all relate to the Great Fire that occurred 85 Octobers ago

PROCLAMATION!

In consequence of the great calamity that has befallen our city, and for the preservation of good order, it is ordered by the Mayor and Common Council of Chicago, that no liquor be sold in any Saloon until further orders The Board of Police are charged with the execution of this order.

R. B. MASON, Mayor.

Chicago, Oct. 9. 1871.

PROCLAMATION!

The preservation of the good order and peace of the city is hereby entrusted to Lieut. General P. H. Sheridan, U. S. Army.

The Police will act in conjunction with the Lieut. General in the preservation of the peace and quiet of the city, and the Superintendent of Police will consult with him to that end.

The intent hereof being to preserve the peace of the city, without interfering with the functions of the City Government.

Given under my hand this 11th day of October, 1871.

R. B. MASON, Mayor.

PROCLAMATIO

Whereas, In the Providence of God, to whose will we h submit, a terrible calamity has befallen our city, which dema us our best efforts for the preservation of order and the relief suffering, be it known that the faith and credit of the City o cago is hereby pledged for the necessary expenses for the re the suffering.

Public order will be preserved. The police and special now being appointed will be responsible for the maintainance peace, and the protection of property.

All officers and men of the Fire Department and Health D ment will act as Special Policemen without further notice.

The Mayor and Comptroller will give vouchers for all su furnished by the different Relief Committees.

The headquarters of the City Government will be at the C gational Church, corner of West Washington and Ann streets.

All persons are warned against any act tending to endanger erty. Persons caught in any depredation will be immed arrested.

With the help of God, order and peace and private property be preserved.

The City Government and the committees of citizens pledge selves to the community to protect them, and prepare the way restoration of public and private welfare.

It is believed the fire has spent its force and all will soon be

R. B. MASON, Mayo

GEO. TAYLOR, Comptroller. (By R. B. Mason.)
Chas. C. P. Holden, President Common Council.
T. B. Brown, President Board of Police.

PROCLAMATION

TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, Chicago, May 5, 1886.

WHEREAS, Great excitement exists among the people of this good city, growing out of the LABOR TROUBLES, which excitement is intensified by the open defiance of the guardians of the peace by a body of lawless men, who, under the pretense of aiding the laboring men, are really endeavoring to destroy all law. And Whereas, last night these men, by the use of weapons never resorted to in CIVILIZED LANDS, EXCEPT IN TIMES OF WAR or for REVOLUTIONARY PURPOSES, CAUSED GREAT BLOODSHED AMONG CITIZENS AND AMONG OFFICERS of the MUNICIPALITY who were simply in the performance of their duties. And Whereas, the CITY AUTHORITIES PROPOSE TO PROTECT LIFE AND PROPERTY AT ALL HAZARDS, and in doing so will be compelled to break up all unlawful or dangerous gatherings; and

WHEREAS, Even when men propose to meet for lawful purposes, bad men will attempt to mingle with them, armed with cowardly missiles, for the purpose of bringing about bloodshed, thus endangering innocent persons;

THEREFORE, I, Carter H. Harrison, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO, DO HEREBY PROCLAIM THAT GATHERINGS OF PEOPLE IN CROWDS OR PROCESSIONS IN THE STREETS and PUBLIC PLACES OF THE CITY ARE DANGEROUS AND CANNOT BE PERMITTED, AND ORDERS HAVE BEEN ISSUED TO THE POLICE TO PREVENT ALL SUCH GATHERINGS and TO BREAK UP and DISPERSE ALL CROWDS, TO PREVENT INJURY TO INNOCENT PERSONS.

Attention Workingmen!

GREAT

MASS MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock,

AT THE

HAYMARKET, Randolph St., Bet. Desplaines and Halsted.

Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Achtung Arbeiter!

Große

Massen-Versammlung

Heute Abend, halb 8 Uhr, auf dem

Heumarkt, Randolph-Straße, zwischen Desplaines- u. Halsted-Str.

☞ Gute Redner werden den neuesten Schurkenstreich der Polizei, indem sie gestern Nachmittag unsere Brüder erschoß, geißeln.

Das Executiv-Comite.

e announcement at the upper right, written in th English and German, summoned workers to meeting in 1886 at which the Haymarket riot ok place. One result was issuance of the proclamation above by Mayor Carter Harrison, sr. Modn proclamations are simply typed on the stationy of the mayor's office, like the one for the Shaw ebration at right. In previous recent city adnistrations special "days" and "weeks" were oclaimed rather promiscuously, and often in pport of commercial causes. But Mayor Daley s issued a strict ruling limiting them to civic and aritable efforts.

tage proclamations from Chicago Historical society, temporary one from the mayor's office.

RICHARD J. DALEY
MAYOR

CITY OF CHICAGO
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, July 26, 1956, marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of George Bernard Shaw, and whereas many of the initial successes of his literary work are indelibly associated with Chicago;

WHEREAS, George Bernard Shaw's reputation as critic, pamphleteer, essayist and playwright is unsurpassed in this century among all writers of Irish ancestry--and, indeed, among all literary figures writing in the English language;

WHEREAS, two of Shaw's plays, Candida and You Never Can Tell, enjoyed their American premieres in Chicago, while Caesar and Cleopatra's world premier was performed in this city;

WHEREAS, Shaw's novel Love Among the Artists was first published in Chicago;

WHEREAS, Shaw's official biographer, Archibald Henderson, initiated his correspondence with Shaw while a research student at the University of Chicago;

WHEREAS, throughout this century the plays, motion pictures, and more lately television productions based on Shaw's works have enjoyed many of their most signal successes among audiences of Chicago,

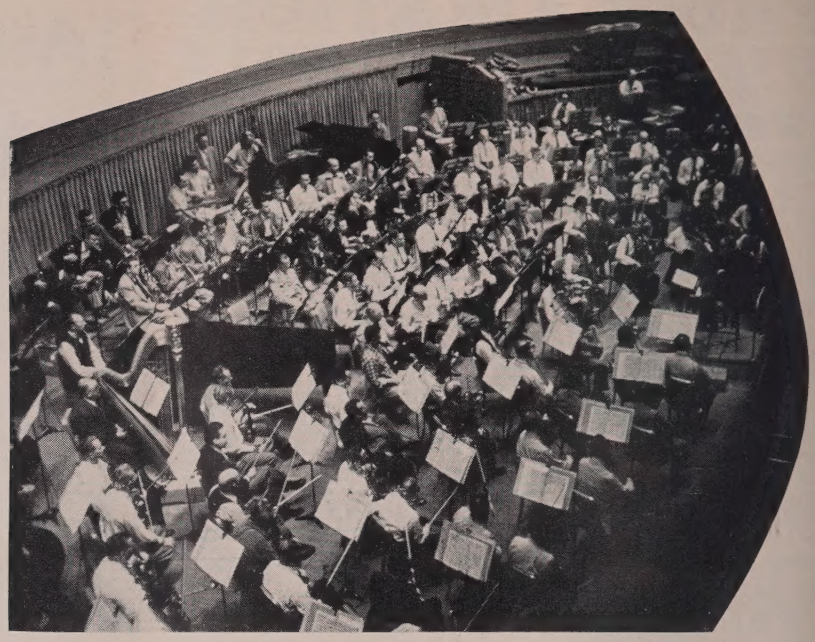
WHEREAS, the Adult Education Council of Greater Chicago has taken world leadership in the commenoration of the centenary anniversary of Shaw's birth, thus calling world attention to Chicago's preeminent position in the fields of scholarship and letters;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Richard J. Daley, Mayor of the City of Chicago proclaim and designate Thursday, July 26, 1956, as BERNARD SHAW DAY IN CHICAGO, and do call upon all associated with the fields of drama and scholarship to assist and participate with the Adult Education Council of Greater Chicago in the proper observance of this anniversary celebration.

Dated this 2nd day of May, A. D. 1956

Richard J. Daley

MAYOR



what goes on here

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

special events

● Ice Follies. Chicago stadium, 1800 W. Madison (SE 3-5800). Featuring Shipstads and Johnson. Oct. 18-28; nightly except Sun. 8:30; Sun. 2 & 6 p.m.

● International Dairy Show & World Championship Golden Spurs Rodeo. International Amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Gene Autry & Gail Davis, TV's Annie Oakley. Steer wrestling. Oct. 5-14.

● International Pet Show. International Amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Oct. 19-21.

● Chicago Antiques Exhibition & Hobby Fair. Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 S. Michigan (WE 9-4767). Antique dealers & collectors from all over the world will participate in 25th anniversary show. Oct. 28-31; noon-10:30 p.m.

theater

● Studebaker, 410 s. Michigan (WA 2-1732). Oct. 2 thru 28, Sir Cedric Hardwicke stages *Androcles and The Lion* by G. B. Shaw with Ernest Truex in the title role. Special commentary by Hardwicke at all performances. Beg. Oct. 30, Eugene O'Neill's *Desire under the Elms,* starring Geraldine Page, who is closing in London in *The Rainmaker.* Daily at 8:30 except Tue. & Sun., 7 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. mat., 3 p.m.

● *Witness for the Prosecution.* Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). The Agatha Christie melodrama starring Francis L. Sullivan and Patricia Jessel with the original cast. Mon.-Sat. 8:30; Wed., Sat. mat., 2:30.

● *The Boyfriend.* Blackstone, 60 e. Balbo (CE 6-8240). A British musical satire on the Jazz Age starring Jo-Ann Bayless & John Hewer. Nightly 8:30, except Sun. 7.

● *No Time for Sergeants.* Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). James Holden as an amiable hillbilly who innocently plays hob with the U.S. military machine. Nightly 8:30; Wed., Sat. mat., 2:30; closed Sun.

● *Cinerama Holiday.* Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). Vistas without visas for audiences that follow the three-eyed camera through Europe and the U.S. Mon.-Thu., 2:30 & 8:30; Fri., 1, 7, 10; Sat., 2:20, 7:30; 10:30. Sun., 2, 5, 8:30.

● *Danny Kaye and his International Revue.* Shubert, 22 w. Monroe, (CE 6-8240). Tue. thru Sat., 8:30; Sat. & Sun. mat., 2:30; closed Mon. Thru Oct. 29. *Damn Yankees,* baseball musical opens Oct. 29.

● *Hatful of Rain.* Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8249). Drama with drug addiction as theme opening Oct. 8, Mon.-Sat., 8:30; Wed., Sat., mat., 2:30; closed Sun.

● *The Great Sebastians.* Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). A comedy with the Lunts. Mon.-Sat., 8:30; Wed., Sat., mat. 2:30; closed Sun.

student

● *Reclining Figure.* Goodman, Monroe & Columbus (CE 6-2340). Thru Oct. 14, Tue.-Thu., 7:30; Wed., Fri., Sat., 8:30; Sun., Oct. 14, 8:30; Thu., Oct. 11, 2 p.m.

art exhibits

● Art Institute, Michigan & Adams (CE 6-7080). Beginning Oct. 25, "Louis Sullivan and the Architecture of Free Enterprise," photographs, drawings and special effects. Continuing thru Oct., photography by Todd Webb; Ancient Peruvian art, a new selection of ceramics and textiles from Gaffron collection; Contemporary Japanese prints lent from the Oliver H. Statler collection. Beginning Oct. 5, a selection of 18th and 19th century Japanese screens. Permanent, Thorne Miniature Rooms — first complete showing of 67 American and European miniature rooms by Mrs. James Ward Thorne. Museum hours: Mon.

thru Sat., 9-5; Sun. & hol., noon-5; free Wed., Sat., Sun., & hol., except for a few special exhibits.

● Eugene Bennett, collage show. 414 Art Workshop, 414 n. State (SU 7-1988). Thru Oct. Mon.-Fri., 3:30-10; Sat., 1-7; Sun., 10:30-1.

● Sculptures by Degas, Gauguin, Maillol, Rodin, Modigliani. Main St. gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Oct. 1 thru 20; Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Sat., 9 a.m.-6 p.m.

● Irma Koen, watercolors of Mexico; Derk Smit, oil landscapes of Tennessee mountains & Indiana. Chicago Galleries association, 30 s. Michigan, 2nd floor (CE 6-9646). Thru Oct. Mon. thru Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

● Abbott Pattison, sculptures done in Italy. Charles Feingarten gallery, 58 e. Walton (MO 4-0917). Thru Oct. Mon.-Fri., 10-6; Sat., 10-5.

group shows

● Contemporary Chicago artists. Frank J. Oehlschlaeger gallery, 107 e. Oak (SU 7-6779). Thru Oct., daily 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

● Finnish Crafts. 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. Oct. 1 thru 22. Daily, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

● Bacia Gorden, paintings & drawings. Chicago Public library, Michigan & Randolph (CE 6-5821). Thru Oct. Art Department.

● Chicago Society of Artists, oils & sculptures by Dalstrom, Badger, Foy, Haydon, Alice & Mike Mason. Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500). Thru Oct. Mon. thru Sat., 9:15 a.m.-5:45 p.m. Mon. & Thur., till 8:30 p.m.

● Contemporary French Artists; works of Buffet, Derain, Delacroix. Marshall Field & Co. galleries, 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Through Oct.—Mon. through Sat., 9:15-5:45.

suburban

● Paintings of Mrs. DeWitt Kelley. Elmhurst Artists guild, Bican book shop, 118 w. York, Elmhurst (TE 2-7850). Through Oct. Daily 9:30-5:30, except Mon., 1-9; Thur., 10-9.

● John & Jano Walley, designs. Segno galleries, 821 Chestnut, Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Daily 9-5.

● George Malley, watercolors of Nova Scotia & Gaspe Peninsula. Bramson Art gallery, 1711 Sherman, Evanston. (GR 5-0001).

● Fred Cunningham, European watercolors. Studio Gallery, 206 w. State, Geneva (Geneva 7083). Through Oct. Mon-Sat., 1-5; Fri., till 9 p.m.

opera

● Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (AN 3-5585). Oct. 16, *Andrea Chenier,* Steber, Gobbi, Del Monaco; Oct. 17, *Salome,* Borkh, Vinay, Welitsch; Oct. 22, *Die Walkure,* Borkh, Nilsson, Suthaus; Oct. 23, *Il Trovatore,* Cerquetti, Bastianini, Bjoerling; Oct. 26 & 31, *La Traviata,* Steber, Simoneau, Bastianini; Oct. 29, *Don Giovanni,* Steber, Rossi-Lemeni, Simoneau; Oct. 30, *Tosca,* Tebaldi, Gobbi, Bjoerling.

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music

● Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. and Sat., 8:15, Fri., 2 p.m. 2nd & 4th Tues., 2 p.m. Oct. 4-5, Fritz Reiner cond., *Leonore Overture No. 3,* Beethoven; *Sinfonia Domestica,* Strauss; *Symphony No. 2,* Brahms. Oct. 6, Fritz Reiner cond., Francis Akos, violinist; all Tchaikovsky program, *Italian Caprice, Violin Concerto in D major, Symphony No. 6.* Oct. 9, Fritz Reiner cond., *Leonore Overture No. 3,* Beethoven; *Symphony No. 6,* Tchaikovsky; *"Haffner" Symphony,* Mozart. Oct. 11-12, Fritz Reiner cond., Malda Laszlo, soprano: *"Haffner" Symphony,* Mozart; *Song of the Nightingale,* Stravinsky; *Songs,* Strauss; *Italian Caprice,* Tchaikovsky. Oct. 18-19, Fritz Reiner cond., Berl Senofsky, violinist: *Prelude & Fugue in D major,* Bach-Respighi; *Violin Concerto in E minor,* Mendelssohn; *Symphony No. 4,* Bruckner, Oct. 23, Fritz Reiner cond., *Symphony No. 103,* Haydn; *Sinfonia Domestica,* Strauss. Oct. 25-26, Fritz Reiner cond., Geza Anda, pianist; *Iberia,* Debussy; *Piano Concerto No. 2,* Bartok; *Rhapsodie Espagnole,* Ravel. Oct. 30, Young People's Concert, John Weicher cond., Robert Peller, 16-year-old pianist, soloist. Program to be announced.

● Contemporary Concerts, Inc., Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan & Adams (Barrington 446). Oct. 3, 8:20 p.m., program of modern madrigals by Tudor Madrigal Singers: Lola Hutchison Dvorak, soprano; Edith Ballard, soprano; Jane Haley, alto; George Deloriea, tenor; Robert Dvorak, bass; William Ballard, director; Ruth Seisert Phelps, accompanist. Madrigals to be presented: *Songs Bawdy and Sublime* (from Shakespeare) by Brian Dority; *The Lire of a Year,* Robert Dvorak; *Five Flower Songs,* Britten; *Four Folk Songs,* Bartok; *Design for the Atomic Age, The Quangle Wangle's Hat, Lament for April 15th,*

SIRLOIN ROOM

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333 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
TELEPHONE: CEntral 6-2535

WHAT IS NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE CHICAGO RESTAURANT?

Were Napoleon to visit Chicago today, he would find the cuisine exactly to his taste at the new Cafe Bonaparte of the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel. For today, the Café Bonaparte proudly serves the dishes perfected and immortalized by the great Carême, the most illustrious chef in the nineteenth century. Here are the culinary masterpieces that brought Carême fame as chef to Napoleon, George IV of England, The Emperor of Russia, Talleyrand and other legendary figures. In the Café Bonaparte, history's most famous *haute cuisine* lives again.

Dancing from 9:30 to the music of Hal Otis.

Café Bonaparte

SHERATON-BLACKSTONE HOTEL

MICHIGAN AVENUE AT BALBO • TEL: HARRISON 7-4300
Foster H. Gurney, General Manager

Avery Claflin. Oct. 21, 8:15 p.m., Lois Raye, voice recital.

● Chicago Public Library, Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). Series of recorded concerts, Oct. 3, 10, 17, 31; central room, 2nd floor; 12:15-12:45; operatic excerpts. Live concerts every Sat. 12:15 p.m. thru Oct. in cooperation with Chicago Federation of Musicians.

● University of Chicago (MI 3-0800). Robert Goldsand, pianist, program commemorating 100th anniversary of death of Robert Schumann, Mandel hall, 57th & University, Oct. 19, 8:30 p.m. Organ Recital, Flor Peeters, Rockefeller Memorial chapel, 59th & Woodlawn, Oct. 29, 8:30 p.m. Carillon concerts, Wed. & Sun., thru Oct., James R. Lawson, carilloneur, Rockefeller chapel, 4:30 p.m.

● Allied Arts series, (FR 2-0566). Oct. 7, Stockholm Gooskor, Swedish chorus, 3:30 p.m., Orchestra hall. Oct. 16, Carmen Amaya & Company, 8:30 p.m., Orchestra hall. Oct. 17, Fine Arts quartet, Goodman Theater, 8:30 p.m. Oct. 21, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, 3:30 p.m. Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, Herbert Von Karajan cond., Orchestra hall. Oct. 26, 27, 8:30 p.m.; Oct. 28, 3:30 p.m.

● Northwestern university, Evanston (UN 4-1900). Faculty recitals: Oct. 14, Rolf Persinger, viola, Lutkin hall, Orrington & University, 4 p.m. Oct. 21, Pauline Lindsay and Wanda Paul, piano, Lutkin hall, 4 p.m. "An Evening of Folk Music" with Pete Seegar and "Big Bill" Broonzy, Oct. 26 & 27, Cahn auditorium, Sheridan & Emerson, 8 p.m. Concert by Chamber Music society, Oct. 28, Lutkin hall, 4 p.m., free.

lectures and films

● Chicago Public library, Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). "From Caveman to Picasso"—a series of films illustrating the development of various important periods of art. Fridays, 12:15-1 p.m. Oct. 5, "Lascaux—Cradle of Man's Art" & "The Searching Heart." Oct. 12, "Flemish Painting, 1540-1640" & "Goya—Disasters of War." Oct. 19, "Charm of Life" & "Renoir." Oct. 26, "Works of Calder" & "Visit to Picasso." Oct. 4, 12: 15-12:45, lecture; "Four women poets—Sappho, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Emily Dickinson, Amy Lowell," by Natalie Cherry.

● Art Institute, Michigan & Adams (CE 6-7080). Series of panel discussions, Fullerton hall, 6:30 p.m., "The Arts," Katherine Kuh, Kathleen Blackshear, George D. Culler, Oct. 5; "Children's Art & Art Education," Dr. Ann Lally, Caroline Howlett, Forman Onderdonk, Oct. 12; "The Arts," Margaret O. Gentles, Peter J. Pollack, Daniel Catton Rich, Oct. 19. "Louis Sullivan and the architecture of Free Enterprise Series": "Louis Sullivan, His Place in American Architecture," Edmund H. Chapman; Oct. 26, 6:30, Fullerton hall. "Art thru Travel Series"—Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson, "Romance and Drama in Mexico,"—Oct. 7 and 14, 3 p.m., Fullerton hall; "From Munich to the Baltic," Oct. 21 and 28, 3 p.m. Fullerton hall. "Great Men and Great Movements in the Arts," George D. Culler, film, "Pablo Picasso," Oct. 4-5; "The Early Periods," Oct. 11-12; "Cubism," Oct. 18-19; "Cubism, Picasso & Others," Oct. 25-26. Gallery lectures, study & discussion groups:

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"More than meets the Eye": "Venice & the Venetians," Daniel Catton Rich, gallery 45, Oct. 2, 11 a.m. "Meanings in Modern Prints," George D. Culler, gallery 25, Oct. 4. "Meanings in Medieval Art," Margaret Dangler, gallery H-15, Oct. 16. "Idea and Content in Modern Sculpture," Katherine Kuh, gallery 25, Oct. 23. "The Arts in the 18th Century," Dr. Hans Huth, gallery A-12, Oct. 30. Now on View: tour of special exhibitions, Whitney Halstead, Oct. 5 & 19, 12:15 p.m. "The Influence of Louis Sullivan," George D. Culler, Alfred Shaw east wing galleries, Oct. 12, 12:15 p.m.

● Chicago Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Oct. 6, "Minnesota," Fran W. Hall, National Audubon soc. Oct. 13, "The Canary Islands," Robert Davis. Oct. 20, "Outdoor Almanac," Karl H. Maslowski, Audubon soc. Oct. 27, "Call of the Sea," John D. Craig, Arcadia, Calif. All lectures are free & illus. with color motion pictures. 2:30 p.m., James Simpson theater.

● Northwestern university, (UN 4-1900). "Film Forms," movie-lecture series sponsored by the School of Speech. Oct. 3, entertainment films; Oct. 10, films which record and interpret; Oct. 17, persuasive films; Oct. 24 & 31, educational films; Fisk hall, Sheridan rd., Evanston, 8-10 p.m. Film Society movies: Oct. 9, *The Lavender Hill Mob;* Oct. 23, *Blue Angel;* Technological Institute, Sheridan rd., 7:30 p.m. Alumni Fund lectures: "Problems Facing University Education in the West," Wm. R. Neblett, University of Leeds, Britain; Technological Institute, Sheridan rd., Evanston. Oct. 16, 8 p.m. Free.

● Readings and discussion by poet and critic Stephen Spender. Mandel hall, 57th and University, Oct. 31, 8:30 p.m.

● University of Chicago, (MI 3-0800). Law school lecture, "Stephen Strong Gregory," Tappan Gregory, ed., American Bar Association journal, Breasted lecture hall, Oct. 2, 8:30 p.m. Free. "Problems Facing University Education in the Western Countries," Dr. Wm. R. Neblett, Inst. of Education, U. of Leeds, Oct. 16, 8 p.m. Theological Faculty lecture series, Bishop Stephen Neill, London, vice-chairman, World Council of Churches, "The Ecumenical Movement," Social Science Research bldg., Oct. 22, 23 & 25, 4:30, free. Haskell lecture series, Mircea Eliade, St. Cloud, France. Oct. 17, 24 & 31, Social Science Research bldg., 3:30 p.m., free.

● Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Film Society series: "Blood and Sand," starring Rudolph Valentino, Nita Naldi & Lila Lee, 1922 film adaptation of famous novel by Ibanez, Oct. 3, 6:15, Sinha hall. "Don Q, Son of Zorro," Douglas Fairbanks Sr. & Mary Astor in 1925 cowboy tale, Oct. 17, 6:15. "My Apprenticeship," Maxim Gorki's life as a young student, in Russian, with English subtitles, Oct. 24, 7:30 p.m., Sinha hall. "The Last Command," starring Emil Jannings, plus "Plane Crazy," Mickey Mouse's first appearance (silent), Oct. 31, 6:15 p.m. Discussion periods follow all showings.

museums

● Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural History exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily 10-5. Free.

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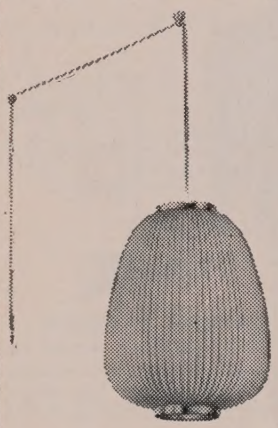

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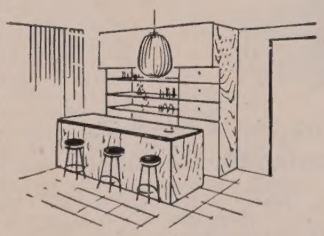

***Illustrated:** Graceful melon silhouette in durable, fully luminous high-impact Styrene. Wipes clean with damp cloth. Bone white, brass trim, walnut ceiling fittings.*

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● Chicago Historical Society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Celebrating its 100th anniversary with special exhibits.

● Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public for stargazing every Fri., 8:30-10 p.m.

● George F. Harding museum, 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval Armor, arms & art. Daily 1-5 p.m., except Sat. & Mon.

● Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Civilization thru tools—from caveman to modern. Newest Bell Telephone exhibit shows use of solar power & pea-size transistors replacing vacuum tubes. Mon.-Sat., 9:30-5:30; Sun. & hol. till 7. Free.

● Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art & culture of ancient Near East countries. Daily 10-12 & 1-5; closed Mon.

● Adler Planetarium, Lake front near Roosevelt (WA 2-1428). Art Show, "Origin of the Earth." Lectures 11 a.m. & 3 p.m. Mon.-Sat., Sun. & hol., 2 & 3:30. Open daily 10-5, Tue. & Fri. till 9:30. Free Wed., Sat., & Sun.

● Chicago Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Oct. 7-13, special exhibit illustrating museum's ties with foreign institutions in conjunction with International Museum Week. Oct. 13, new permanent exhibit opens in hall of Africa (Hall E) —"Cameroon's Compound," complete reconstruction of house of a Cameroon chieftain.

flora & fauna

● Garfield Park conservatory, 300 n. Central Park (HA 7-5252). Permanent display of flowers thru Oct. Daily 9-5.

● Lincoln Park conservatory, Fullerton & Stockton (HA 7-5252). Permanent display of all kinds of flowers. Daily 9-5.

● Indian Boundary Park zoo, 2500 Lunt (SH 3-8089). A small zoo for small animals. Daily 9-5, free.

● Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, all goggle eyed with amazement at the weird creatures that come to visit them. Daily 10-5. Free Thu., Sat., Sun.

● Brookfield zoo, 1st ave. & 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). 135 acres of near-natural habitats provide fitting background for animals of all races. Daily 10-5; Sun. till 7. Free Thu., Sat., Sun. & hol.

● Lincoln Park zoo, 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). Featuring Sinbad, star of the gorilla tribe, the zoorookery (at Fullerton) and daily 4 p.m. lion feeding. Weekdays 9-5; weekends 10-6. Free.

tours

● Chicago Mercantile Exchange, 110 n. Franklin (RA 6-6490). See trading in familiar commodities such as butter, eggs, potatoes & onions. Tours can be arranged 2 wks. in advance thru the exchange. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.

● American Airlines, Midway airport,

Photograph courtesy Library of Congress

SINCE 1904 Our Women's Banking Department has seen many changes in the Chicago lady. Hobble skirts, and halo hats, pearl ropes and cloches ... all have come and gone. And some have come and gone again. But one custom remains constant. Wise Chicago women still come here for expert, understanding guidance through the complex world of finance. This is a bank within a bank ... exclusively for women. Special officers are waiting to assist you. And our elegantly furnished lounge is still a favorite Loop meeting point. Won't you drop in for a visit soon?

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63rd & Cicero (PO 7-6200, ext. 846). Tour includes twin hangars, weather information station & flight dispatch area. Appointments for groups should be made 10 days in advance. Children under 12 not admitted. Mon.-Thu. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.

● Baha'i Temple, Linden & Sheridan, Wilmette (Wilmette 9846). Sunday tours include building, photo slides, talks; weekday tours cover auditorium only. Large tours for groups can be arranged thru Mrs. D. Cooper (Wilmette 618). Weekdays, 1-4; Sun., 10:30-5.

● Board of Trade, 141 w. Jackson (WA 2-2800). The world's largest grain market and its trading pits. Trading hours, Mon.-Fri., 9:30-1:15.

● Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100, ext. 715). With *Trees to Tribunes,* movie showing the making of a newspaper from the lumber camp to the press work. Mon.-Fri. 2, 4, 8 p.m.

● Marshall Field & Co., 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Groups of 5-20 start from the 3rd floor information desk to tour building. Phone for reservations.

● Merchandise Mart, n. bank of the river at Wells (WH 4-4141). Tours of the world's largest commercial building. Group tours must be arranged in advance; reservations only. Mon.-Fri. 9:30-3:30.

● Northwestern university, technological institute, Sheridan & Noyes, Evanston (UN 4-1900). Tour thru the sound room and high-voltage laboratory. Sat., 11 a.m.

● Sears Roebuck & Co., 925 s. Homan (KE 3-2500). Tours of the world's largest mail order house. Tue.-Fri. 9:45, 10:45, 1:45, 2:45; Mon., 1:45, 2:45.

● University of Chicago, (MI 3-0800). 1½-hour tour thru the campus begins at Ida Noyes hall, 1212 e. 59th, every Sat., 10 a.m.

● Chicago Grayline (SE 8-2900). City tours by bus, choice of hours and areas. Tours begin at Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan.

● Chicago Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). "Highlights of the Exhibits," free lecture tour. Daily, 2 p.m.; Sat. 2:30, none Sun. Tours can be arranged in advance by contacting Raymond foundation of the museum.

sports

pro football

● Bears vs. San Francisco, Oct. 14; Baltimore, Oct. 21. 1 p.m. Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050).

● Cardinals vs. New York, Oct. 7; Washington, Oct. 28. 1 p.m. Comiskey park, 324 w. 35th (WA 4-1000).

college football

● Northwestern vs. Tulane, Oct. 6, 1:30 p.m. Dyche stadium, Central st., Evanston (RO 4-4488).

horse racing

● Thoroughbreds. Hawthorne, 35th & Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1350), thru Oct.

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13. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Wed. & Sat., 1:30. Sportsman's park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (OL 2-2812). Oct. 15-31; 2 p.m. weekdays, Sat. 1:30.

● Trotters and pacers. Maywood park, 5th & North, Melrose park, (MA 6-4816). Thru Oct. 20.

hockey

● Blackhawks. Schedule to be announced. Chicago stadium, 1800 w. Madison (SE 3-5300).

fetching

● Sporting dogs in action at Fieldale. Rt. 72 n. of Ill. 58 (Twin Brook 4-3431). Third annual gun-dog exhibition with bench and field trials. Oct. 12.

for the children

theater

● Jack and Jill Players, 25 e. Jackson (WA 2-0317). *Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater,* Oct. 20 & 27., 4 p.m.

● Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe & Columbus (CE 6-2336). Stevenson's *Treasure Island.* Oct. 20-21 & 27-28. 2:30 p.m. Sat.; 3 Sun.

zoos

● Brookfield children's zoo & farm, 1st ave. & 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). Open thru the last week of Oct. Small animals to amuse small people.

● Hawthorn-Mellody dairy farm & children's zoo, Rt. 21 (between Half Day & Libertyville) LIbertyville 2-2025. Features Noah's Ark full of small animals and birds. Blue ribbon cattle on display. Mon.-Fri., 10:30-5; Milking parlor tours daily 1-5 p.m. Sun. till 6. Free Mon.-Fri.

night life

● Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). "Comics-on-ice" starring Dennis Arnold and Marji continues thru Oct. Open from 6:30. Shows 8 & 10:30; Sun. 4 & 9. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

● Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). "Calypso Fiesta" with Antonio Perruskua, Johnny Barracuda, Nilda Velazco and Gloria Ruiz. Free cha cha cha lessons from 5 to 8:30 nightly. Al D'Lacy's orchestra. Shows at 9:45, 12, 2; Sat. 9:30, 11, 1, & 3. Dinner from $3.

● Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks, (DE 7-3434). Ballad singers Sophie Tucker and Tony Bennett stay until Oct. 11: Patti Page opens Oct. 12. Shows 8:45 & 12:45; Sat. late show at 2 a.m. Open 6 p.m. to 4 a.m. Dinner from $4.

● Cafe Bonaparte, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, Michigan & Balbo (HA 7-4300). Hal Otis provides dance music after 9:30 amid old French elegance and cuisine. Noon-1 a.m. Dinner from $6.

● Empire Room, Palmer House, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Evelyn Knight and Larry Daniels until Oct. 4. Then "Heyday," a musical revue starring Paul Hartman and Bill Tabbert. 6 p.m.-2 a.m. Shows at 8:30 & 12. $2 cover.

● Gate of Horn, 753 n. Dearborn (SU 7-2833). Tom O'Horgan, who plays the harp and sings Elizabethan ballads, opens Oct. 3. Bob Gibson and Marilyn Child stay till Oct. 28. Odetta Felious

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SHAKESPEARE—"Much Ado About Nothing"..Jan. 22-Feb. 17

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Fri., Sat. Eves.: Orch., Boxes, 1st 3 rows Balc. $4.50. Balc. (next 6 rows) $3.50. Balc. (next 6 rows) $3. 2nd Balcony $1.50.

Sat., Sun. Mats.: Orch., Boxes, 1st 3 rows Balc. $3. Balc. (next 6 rows) $2.50. Balc. (next 6 rows) $2. 2nd Balcony $1.

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NO PERFORMANCE MONDAY

follows them Oct. 28. Continuous entertainment every night, 9:30-2.

● Honolulu Harry's Waikiki, Wilson & Clarendon (LO 1-3446). Chief Pappy Lee Tavui of Samoa, assisted by dancers, vocalists, the Waikiki Seranaders and magicians, performs in Hawaiian setting. Free hula lessons. Cantonese and American cuisine. Shows 8:30, 10, 11:30, 1:45; late show Sat. 3 a.m. Dinner from $2.50. $2.50 min. Sat.

● Offbeat Room, 6344 Broadway (SH 3-4892). Compass players perform unique ad lib drama on topical scenarios or themes suggested by the audience Wed. thru Sun. The Arc-Liters Trio of bass, piano and vibraharp supplements the program on Fri., Sat., & Sun. with unfrenetic jazz. Wed. nights feature folksingers in addition to the Compass program; Pete Nichols, Roxana, Alex Hassilev appear. Rich Branom at the piano helps out on Thu. nights. Shows from 9 p.m. Min. $2 Wed., Thu., Sun.; $2.50 Fri. & Sat.

● Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Famed hang-out for celebrities and favorite haunt of celebrity-watchers. Music provided by David LeWinter's orchestra. Noon-2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte, $3.50 min. Fri. & Sat.

jazz

● Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). A continuous parade of top artists of every musical sect files through this big room run by a reformed railroad man. Complete dinner from $2.25; luncheon Mon.-Fri. 11-2 features soft drinks for teen-agers, and pizza for all. $3 min. Wed.-Sun. 9:30 p.m.-3:30 a.m. closed Mon. & Tue.

● Cloister Inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Pat Moran's group remains to play jazz Wed.-Sun. and Lurlean Hunter, Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo continue to make music on Mon. & Tue. 10 p.m.-4 a.m.

● Easy Street, in the alley between State & Dearborn at Elm (WH 4-4748). Mon. & Tue., sensational singer Phyllis Branch. Wed. thru Sat., Billy Wallace trio plays and Leigh Travis sings torchily. Sun. concerts 6-9 p.m. feature Bill Russo's quintet playing progressive jazz.

● Jazz Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Featuring Bill Reinhardt, Freddie Moore, Dave Remington, Norma Murphy & Mel Grant in a lower-than-street-level Dixieland room. 9 p.m.-4 a.m.; closed Sun. $2 min.

● Key Lounge, 1020 Montrose (LO 1-2833). Top-notch local combos appear Wed.-Sun. 10 p.m.-4 a.m.

● Max Miller Scene, 2126 N. Clark (EA 7-8760). Piano improvisations by Max amid rectangular decor. 9 p.m.-4 a.m. Closed Mon & Tue.

● Modern Jazz Room, 7 W. Randolph (AN 3-6908). J. J. Johnson's quintet continues thru first part of Oct. 9 p.m.-4 a.m. Closed Mon. & Tues. $1.50 min. weekdays; $2 Sat. & Sun.

● Pershing Lounge, Pershing hotel, 6400

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● Preview Lounge, 7 W. Randolph (AN 3-6908). Sharkey Bonano is followed by the bands of Jimmy McPartland and Bud Freedman on Oct. 10. Hal Iverson's trio opens Oct. 24. 9 p.m.-4 a.m.

eating out

● Agostino's, 7 E. Delaware (DE 7-9862). New location but no change in the quality of its Italian cuisine. 5 p.m.-4 a.m.; Sun. from 1:30. Dinner from $2.25.

● Berghoff, 17 E. Adams (HA 7-3170). Dark beer and good solid German food served in an old-world atmosphere. 11:30-9:30. Closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $1.75-$4.

● Blackhawk, 139 N. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Rolling rib cart and spinning salad bowls with commentary by the waiter are featured here. 11-10:30; Sat. 11-1 a.m.; Sun. 3:30-10. Dinner from $2.50.

● Cafe Bohemia, 138 S. Clinton (AN 3-8310). An astounding assortment of game dishes supplements the hearty Bohemian menu. 11 a.m.-midnight. Closed Sun. & Hol. Lunch $1.35-$1.75; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

● Churchill Room, 1255 N. State (MO 4-6111). Steaks broiled over an open hearth and ribs from a mammoth cart are served in two rooms of modern decor. 11:30 a.m.-4 a.m. Lunch from $1.45; dinner a la carte from $2.65.

● Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 S. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food and German style dishes in a sea-around-you atmosphere. 11:30-8:30. Closed Sat. & Sun. A la carte from $1.55.

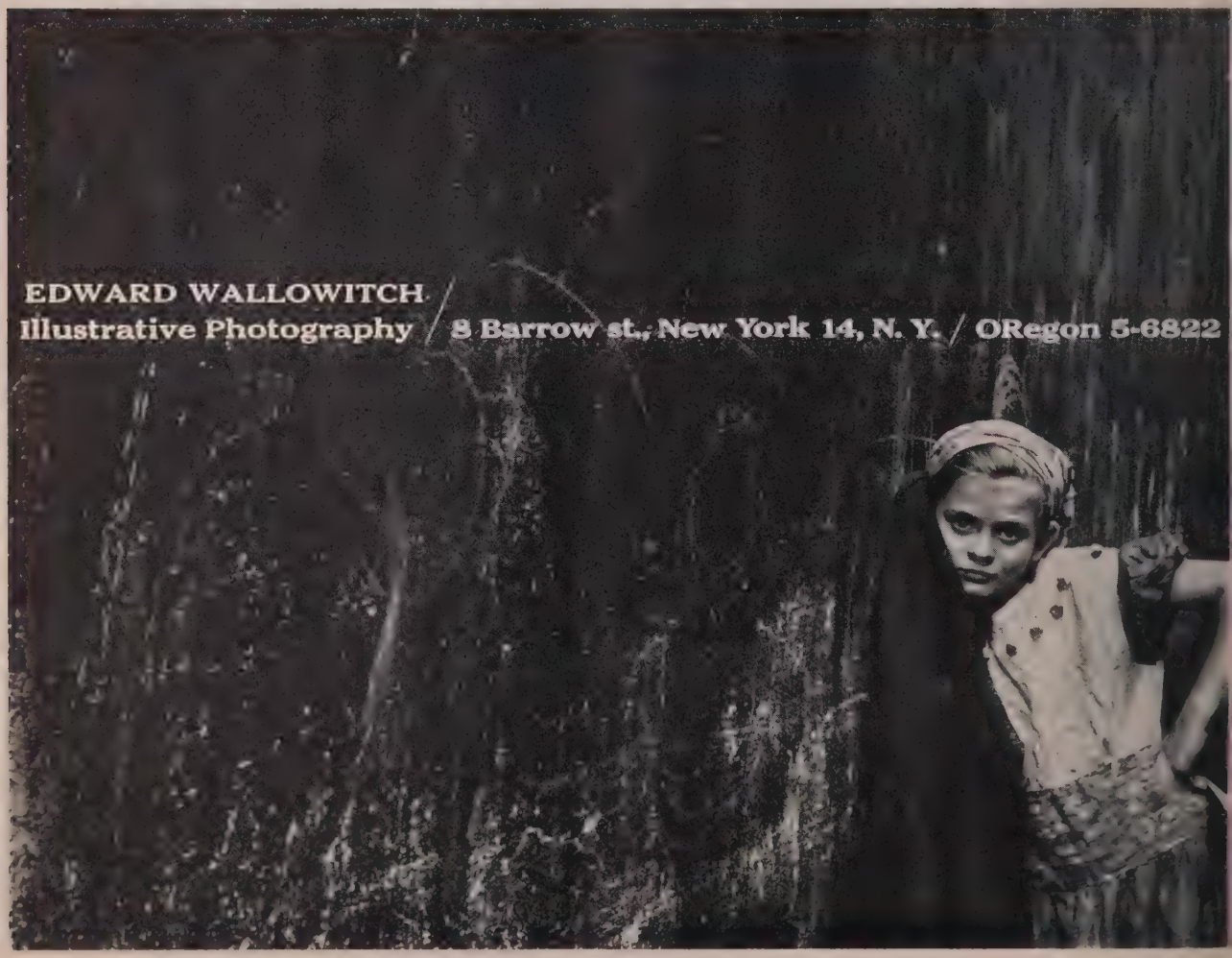
● Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive bldg., 919 N. Michigan. Quiet and relaxed dining in this dimly-lit room. 11:30-10 except Sun., noon-9. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.25.

● Fritzel's, 210 N. State (AN 3-7100). Celebrities in diverse fields dine here. 11 a.m.-1 a.m. Dinner from $2.85.

● Ireland's, 632 N. Clark (DE 2-2020). Anything in the way of seafood can be found in this old-time restaurant. 11:30-1:30 a.m. Dinner $2-$5.

● Italian Village, 71 W. Monroe (DE 2-9192; DE 2-9857). This restaurant serves authentic Florentine cooking, including some dishes rarely found in Chicago. 11-1 a.m.; Sat. till 2; Sun. noon-1:30 a.m. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.

● London House, 360 N. Michigan (AN 3-6920). Steaks and chops are served to the tune of Eddie Hayworth's modern trio. Dinner from $3.75. 7:30 a.m.-4 a.m.



● Chez Paul, 180 E. Delaware (DE 7-7208). Baked chicken, a la Paul, or the Chateaubriand, Bordelaise, from the grill are served in candlelight setting. Noon-10 p.m. Closed Sun.; dinner from $3.25.

● Singapore, 1011 Rush (DE 7-9450). Names in the news stop here regularly for barbecued ribs served in a South seas atmosphere. 4:30 p.m.-4 a.m.; food a la carte from $2.25.

● Kungsholm, Rush & Ontario (WH 4-2700). Swedish foods served in a royal setting. And the famous puppet opera, daily 8 p.m.; mat. Mon., Wed., Sat. 2 p.m. Lunch, 11:30-3 p.m.; dinner 5:30-10:30. Closed Sun.; reservations advised.

● Red Star Inn, 1528 N. Clark (WH 4-9637). One of the most extensive menus in the city, and German food in awesome proportions. 4-midnight. Dinner from $1.95-$4.50.

● St. Hubert's Grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Red-coated waiters serve Shropshire chops and Yankee pot roast, as well as many other well-cooked dishes in an old English setting. Women may dine upstairs. 11:30-11:30. Closed Sun. Dinner from $3.25.

● Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Guests' selections of beef are branded right at the table. Other dishes are offered for iconoclasts. 11:30-2:30 & 5-10; Sun. 1-8:30. Dinner $3.25-$6.

● Sweden House, 157 E. Ohio (SU 7-3350). Scandinavian cuisine of many varieties served in quiet, handsome setting. 11:30-2:30 & 5-9; Sun. 4-9; Lunch from $.75; dinner from $3.

● Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). Deep sea atmosphere complete with eerie light effects is the decor of this seafood restaurant. Noon-midnight; Sun. 4-9. Lunch from $1.60; dinner a la carte from $2.55.

suburban and beyond

● The Chalet, 425 Waukegan, Northbrook (CR 2-0135). Checkered tablecloths and German Swiss menu featuring such dishes as sauerbraten and spaetzle 4-1; Fri. & Sat. till 2; Sun. 12:30-midnight.

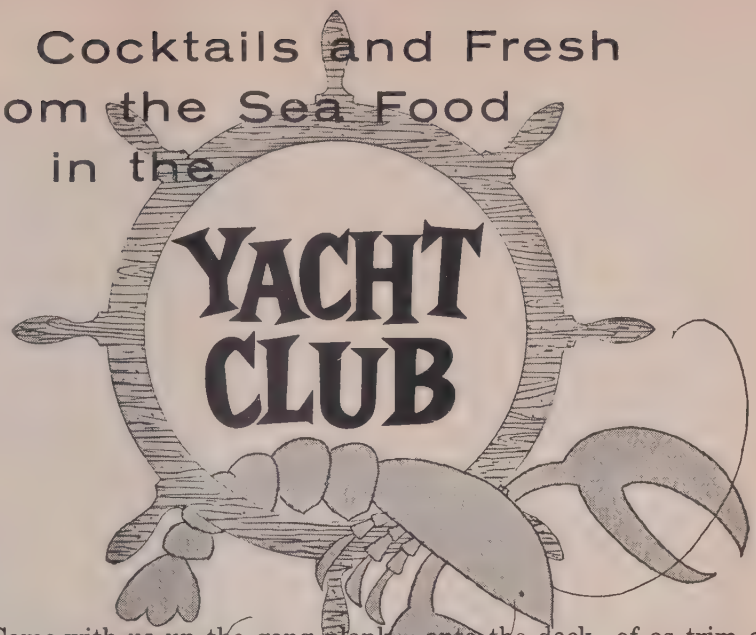
● Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Antipasto, spaghetti, and shishkebab all live up to wide-spread fame. 5-10; Sun. noon-10. Dinner from $1.75.

● Klas, 5734 Cermak, Cicero (OL 2-0795). Bohemian meals served in old-country style dining room by costumed waitresses. 11:30-1 a.m. Closed Mon. Lunch from $.50; dinner from $2.50.

● Mathon's, 6 E. Clayton at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout, smelt, perch and whitefish are brought in fresh every day. Also available are seafood, steaks, chops and chicken. 11-9; Sat. & Sun. 11:30-9:30. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $1.85.

● Villa d'Este, Cary rd., Cary (Mercury 9-2271). Continental dining in a converted country estate with an enclosed terrace. 5-1 a.m.; Sun. from 3. Closed Mon. Dinner from $3.75.

Cocktails and Fresh from the Sea Food in the



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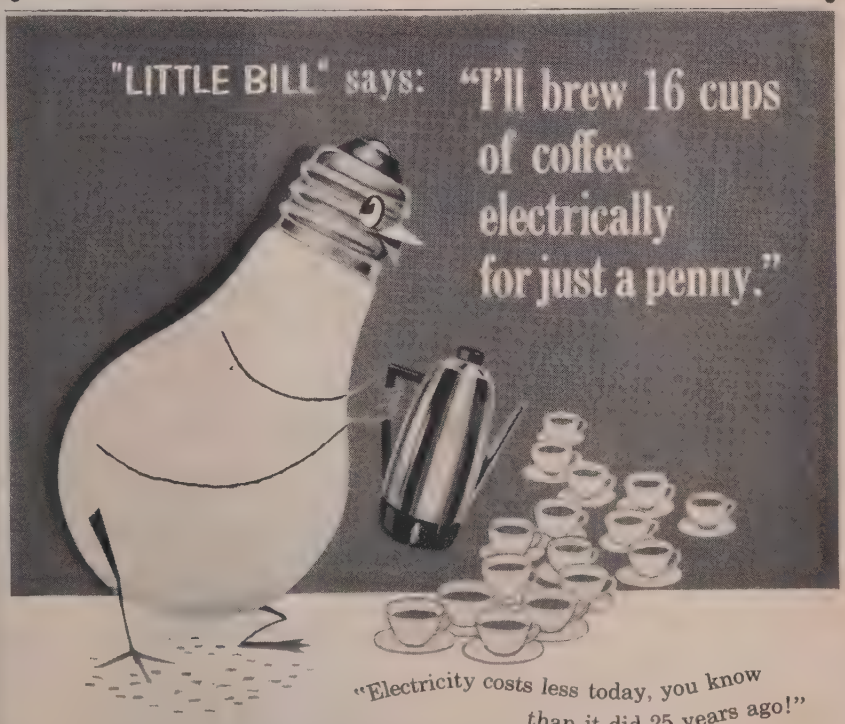

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THE SUN-TIMES

WEST *of the Water Tower*

the old odor changeth

Excerpt from a series of questions and answers on the city's new building code printed in the *Near Loop Economist:*

Question: I have lived in my house for 40 years and we have never had a bath. Will we be forced to put in a bathtub?

"Answer: Everybody will be forced to put in a bathtub. Because of the influx of southern migrants the rule must be enforced even for the old-timers who have been good citizens without bathtubs."

every little bit helps

Overheard in a penal institution: "I did my part to cut down on juvenile delinquency; I grew up."

how two ghouls got fooled

If Hecht and MacArthur were telling anything resembling the truth, the city's newspaper staffs have become considerably less flamboyant than they were 30 years ago. Reporters of the Bridey Murphy-Ann Landers era are more likely to be well-adjusted suburbanites than hard-drinking, amoral rounders from *The Front Page*. Nevertheless, there has been some inheritance of the old traditions, and occasionally it becomes manifest in a game of chance known as the ghoul pool.

One of these diversions flourished on the staff of the *Herald-American* in the fall of 1946.

It was sponsored by the most delicate, sensitive reporter on the staff, a pretty blonde named Jeanne Beaton.

First she prepared a list of 40 of the world's oldest, most famous people. Toscanini was on the list. So were Churchill, Hoover, Garner, Sandburg and Schweitzer.

Lest the minorities be neglected, the roster also included the Pope, Chaim Weizmann and Haile Selassie.

So that management wouldn't feel slighted, the list of aged notables even bore the name of W-ll--m R-nd-lph H--rst.

Miss Beaton put all of the names on separate slips of paper, folded them and dropped them into a hat. Then she sold the names on a blind grab basis. Everyone who entered the pool was charged one dollar. The person who held the name of the first celebrity to die was to collect $40.

A copyboy named Mervin Block shelled out a third of a day's pay and drew the name of Cordell Hull.

Hull was in a coma, fading rapidly. There were some envious mutterings that a copyboy shouldn't have been allowed to get into the boneyard derby.

Hull's death was expected momentarily. Two days passed. He was getting even worse. Then, all of a sudden, apparently without considering the consequences of his behavior, he managed to regain a little strength.

In the meantime, another entry, Walter "Big Train" Johnson was taken to a Washington, D.C. hospital. He was unconscious, and the Big Train seemed to be near the end of the line.

As he sank and Hull improved slightly, the copyboy began taking a turn for the worse. The holder of Johnson's name, rewriteman Charles Waterbury Trowbridge, saw a chance to fortify his position. He called Block over to his desk.

"Look," said Trowbridge, resting his elbows on his overheated Underwood, "my guy is getting worse. Yours is getting better. They're about the same now. Why should we take a chance? Let's combine our bets. That way, if Hull or Johnson dies, we'll split the $40." The deal was made.

Another day passed. Still no luck. Both patients were hanging on. Block and Trowbridge weren't wishing them bad luck, but they did wonder why a couple of sick old men should want to live forever.

Then it happened. Out of a smoggy California sky came the news that ended the suspense. Despite his name, Gen. Joe Stilwell had died of a liver ailment.

the secret museum in Lawndale

There's a 20,000-year-old mastodon tusk for sale in the basement of a two-

story building on south Trumbull avenue.

Sharing cellar space with the tusk, a coal bin and several garbage cans are 12,000 bird feathers and a stuffed crocodile. They're the property of Sam Bornstein, a 61-year-old retired tailor and the proprietor of a homeless one-man museum, who is willing to sell (or give away) his strange collection only as one vast unit, not piecemeal.

The basement annex became a necessity when the walls of Bornstein's second-floor apartment could not accommodate any more of the sprawling exhibits. The apartment, basement and a mystery-shrouded warehouse currently house the 50,000 ingredients of the museum, which once occupied part of the Jewish People's institute on Douglas boulevard. It was invited to leave about 15 years ago due to the institute's own space problems.

Unmarried, Bornstein entrusted the care of his exiled museum to his mother. Since her death ten years ago, he has fretted about the collection, so anxious to see it re-established as a public museum during his own lifetime that he spends virtually all of his time on the project.

Bornstein, a short, mild-looking man with white hair combed toward the front of his head, is secretive about his treasures. The heavy lock on the front door of his apartment is opened only to those who precede their visits with a telephone call and announce their arrival by the proper bell signal. Heavy iron bars protect windows leading to a rear porch. Location of the warehouse in which some of his items are stored is a closely guarded secret.

And Bornstein, who proudly relates that he carried only a flashlight for defense while hunting specimens in Africa, has been known to leave his home nervously clutching the handle of a Swedish knife with a six-inch blade.

His fears were prompted by several thefts from his collection. On one occasion, books and birds taken from the home were found the next day torn and mutilated in a nearby alley.

Bornstein lives alone with these fears, with memories of his old established museum and with hopes for a new one. Isolated from old friends and distrustful of newcomers as the neighborhood's population has changed around him during recent years, he lives a fear-ridden as well as a poverty-stricken life.

The collection with which he is obsessed is a truly formidable one.

Its contents, gathered during five trips around the world which began when he left Bialastok, Russia, as an eight-year-old, are listed in 20 paperbound, hand-written catalogues. A sampling includes:

Ten thousand fossils; pottery believed to date back to 3500 B.C.; a coin collection valued by Bornstein at $50,000; bird nests, eggs and 2,500 mounted birds; 5,000 seashells; a statue of a Tibetan god of war, reportedly 2,000 years old; rare buttons; stuffed sharks and crocodiles; 50 mosaics; a large ivory pagoda and a variety of ancient oil-burning Hanukah lamps.

Also included are 1,000 lantern slides, 5,000 photographs, 4,000 volumes on natural history and manuscripts for 16 as-yet-unpublished books he has written. He *has* published four books on natural history, one in fictionalized form for children.

Among experts who have viewed the collection and pronounced the major portion of it genuine and worthy of attention are recognized museum authorities, an orientalist and the former Israeli consul in Chicago, Yerahmiel Yaron.

During the past several years, Bornstein's apartment has been the hub of correspondence involving the Vatican, the Hebrew university in Jerusalem, the Chicago Natural History museum, the National Foundation for Junior Museums, the Smithsonian institution and other similar organizations. In each case, Bornstein described his collection and requested that it be taken over by these organizations. However, conditions accompanying his offer have made it unpalatable.

He insists that the museum be so located that it is available at no cost to large numbers of persons, particularly youngsters; that the collection basically remain one unit, and that he be hired as caretaker at a modest fee.

"We cannot guarantee that the collection would be retained as a single unit," wrote Remington Kellogg, director of the American Association of Museums, "because it would probably duplicate some of the items that we already possess."

John Ripley Forbes, director of the National Foundation for Junior Museums, said that his only objection to the offer was an inability to accept the caretaker provision.

Monsignor D. Parine, secretariat of state, Vatican City, pleaded a lack of room to house the collection. His statement was echoed by Marc Berkman for the Hebrew university, who added hopefully that "perhaps when the university is completely rebuilt, your valuable museum will occupy the space it justly deserves."

Yaron stated that he was favorably impressed with what he saw but that expensive shipping costs stood in the way of adopting Bornstein's suggestion that the Israeli government place the museum on display in that country.

Several institutions indicated that they thought the best way to handle the situation would be to allow their experts to sift through the material, choosing that which they would like to display, selecting material which duplicates their own exhibits for barter with other museums and rejecting unsuitable items.

Bornstein has refused these offers. "These are my children," he explains, pointing to the heaps of miscellania that clutter his completely unheated apartment. "I want to find a home for my children and I want to stay with them."

Along with his solitary existence, Bornstein has developed some idiosyncrasies that he is not bashful about sharing with others. They include a health program comprising these rules:

1. Arise daily at 4 a.m. and take a cold bath.
2. Drink two glasses of boiled water with each meal. Drink no unboiled water.
3. Wear as little clothing as possible regardless of the weather.
4. Sleep nude.

"I've never had a cold in my life," Bornstein insists.

Despite his faith in points one to four, Bornstein recently took steps to keep his museum together in the event that he should die before finding a home for it. His will specifies that any organization which will keep the entire collection together and allow his body to be buried nearby may take it over at no charge.

At this point it seems doubtful that even death would be sufficient to realize Sam Bornstein's dream.

the inexorable flow of history

From "Big Dates in History of North Loop" in the *North Loop News:*

"July 29, 1922—The second Pageant of Progress Exposition was held on the Navy Pier from July 29 to August 14.

"July 30, 1921—The first Pageant of Progress Exposition was held on the Navy Pier from July 30 to August 14."

being an oracle isn't all fun

Like her unseen patients, "Ann Landers," the socialite advice-hawker of the *Sun-Times*, has problems. One is the constant harassment to which she is subjected by people who send insincere letters. She reports that a number of these disingenuous appeals arrive over and over with only slight variations in wording. The most common is the one from the youth who has an alcoholic father, a dope addict mother and a cousin who works for a newspaper. He wonders whether he should tell his fiancee about the cousin.

the all-Chicago World Series

The school of geography which holds that the world is bounded by the Hudson river on the west and Coney Island on the east has its only tangible piece of corroborative evidence in the World Series.

During the past ten seasons, the inter-league playoff has been held entirely within the New York city limits six times, and only once has the whole drama been enacted outside the boroughs of Brooklyn, Manhattan and the Bronx.

Altogether, there have been twelve "subway series" matching the Yankees against either the Giants or the Dodgers, beginning in 1921 when the American league team won its first pennant.

New York, of course, has a certain advantage in being the only city with three teams. Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis all had two teams until the recent transfers which brought Baltimore, Milwaukee and Kansas City into the World. And in 1944, the only time the St. Louis Browns won the pennant, the Cardinals did likewise, thus giving their city a monopoly on the post-season showdown.

Chicago, as some fans may be aware, still has two teams. But few of their present followers were in the stands 50 years ago this month when the Cubs and the White Sox played the first World Series ever held in one city.

The teams that tangled that chilly fall to give the city both its first world's champion and its first runner-up possessed a strange mixture of parallels and contrasts.

Each was a charter member of and the first pennant winner in its league. The Cubs had taken the championship when the National league began in 1876; the Sox had come out on top of the American in its opening season of 1901.

The Sox carried a diminutive form of a name originally possessed by the Cubs. The National league entry had been known as the White Stockings from its founding until the 1890s, when it changed to the Colts for a few years before assuming its present title. The White Stockings had been a powerful team in their early years, and their still-popular name was picked up by the new American league team, then shortened by sports writers to fit the headline requirements of "modern" newspapers.

Each team had a sentimental con-

nection with the West Side Irish community. The Sox, though their park was located on the South Side, were owned by Charles A. Comiskey, son of a Democratic alderman from the area around Roosevelt and Halsted. The Cubs played on the West Side (they didn't move north until 1916) and were owned by another Gael, Charles W. Murphy.

Comiskey had come back to his home town after managing for a time at Cincinnati; Murphy was from that city, and his venture with the Cubs had been financed by the perennially prominent Taft family. (The parallel between the owners continued into the future. Both Murphy and Comiskey died in October, 1931, 25 years after their teams met in the World Series.)

The National league club had encountered Comiskey 21 years earlier in the first post-season series it ever played. After the 1885 race, the pennant winning White Stockings took on the St. Louis team of the American Association, a minor league. This squad, managed by Comiskey, played the major league champions to a split in six games, a possible forecast of later tortures to be inflicted by the "Old Roman's" minions.

When the World Series began in 1903, neither of the local clubs was in it, so they held a series of their own designed to determine the city championship. It failed to do so, since the 14 games played resulted in seven victories for each side, and matters were finally left that way lest the extended playoff run over into the next season.

The city series was renewed again in 1905, with the Cubs winning, four games to one.

There were strong reasons for anticipating that the World-city series of the next fall would turn out about the same. The Cubs went through the National league like a pack of enraged grizzly bears, winning the pennant by a margin of 20 games and setting a major league record that still stands of 116 victories in a season. They had four players who subsequently were elected to the Hall of Fame: pitcher Mordecai (Three-Finger) Brown, and the illustrious double play combination of shortstop Joe Tinker, second baseman John Evers and manager-first baseman Frank Chance.

It was the latter trio about whom Franklin P. Adams, New York newspaper columnist and rabid Giant fan, wrote:

"These are the saddest of possible words—
"Tinker to Evers to Chance.
"Trio of bear cubs and fleeter than birds,
"Tinker to Evers to Chance.
"Thoughtlessly pricking our gonfallon bubble,
"Making a Giant hit into a double,
"Words that are weighty with nothing but trouble—
"Tinker to Evers to Chance."

Actually, statistics indicate that the combination's overall showing in double plays was not outstanding, but they apparently had a talent for making them at crucial times, apart from the fact that they were formidable offensive players.

The Cubs' infield was rounded out by a .327-hitting third baseman in the person of Harry Steinfeldt.

In contrast to the Cubs' easy pennant victory, the Sox had struggled through the American league race, not clinching the championship until the last week of the season. They were known as the "hitless wonders" because of their ability to win games with a minimum offense. The team batting average was .228, low for a last-place team and incredible for a pennant winner. Like their opponents, the Sox were led by a playing manager, this one an outfielder with the appropriate name of Fielder Jones.

The Sox' dim outlook was not improved by the fact that their regular shortstop, George Davis, was injured just before the series began. Manager Jones had to move his regular third baseman to short and put an obscure utility infielder, George Rohe, at third.

The series opened in the Cubs park at Polk and Wolcott, in what is now the West Side medical center, with Mordecai Brown pitching for the home team and Nick Altrock, who would later be famous as a coach-clown on the Washington Senators, going for the invaders.

It was a fine pitchers' duel, with Brown and Altrock each allowing four hits and one walk and throwing one wild pitch. The difference was the unheralded Rohe, whose triple, the only extra base hit of the game, gave the Sox a 2 to 1 victory.

There were snow flurries and the temperature dropped to a record low of 28 degrees as the series moved to the South Side for the second game. The Sox were then performing on the grounds of the old Chicago Cricket club at 39th and Princeton, the Cubs having allowed them to move into town with the provision that they must not locate north of 35th street.

The Cubs returned to form that afternoon and took a 7 to 1 victory. Their pitcher, Ed Reulbach, held the hitless wonders nearly hitless, giving up only a single single.

The next day the Sox sent to the mound their great spitball pitcher, Ed Walsh, who two years later was to win 40 games in one season. This time he held the Cubs to two hits. The Sox made only four, but one of them was another triple by Rohe that broke a tie in the sixth inning and led to a 3 to 0 victory.

The Cubs evened things up again the next day as Brown threw a two-hit shutout and Chance scored the only run of the game.

With the first four games finished, the Sox had made a grand total of 11

Reconstruction of a double play by the Cubs' great short-to-second-to-first combination. On the opposite page, Joe Tinker has just flipped the ball to Johnny Evers, who is about to fling it over here to Frank Chance.

hits, yet they had held the awesome West Siders to a standoff.

The fifth game, at the Cubs park, was played before 23,000 fans, the highest attendance for the series. As in each of the earlier contests, the same team lost. But unlike the previous games, this one was a hitters' duel. The Cubs made three runs in the first inning, but Reulbach couldn't hold the lead, and the Sox won, 8 to 6, despite the fact that they committed six errors.

Having found out that they could hit after all, the Sox repeated the process the next day to take the series. They routed Brown with eight hits and seven runs in the first two innings, then coasted to an 8 to 3 victory.

The result of the series was, of course, a startling upset—one which would be repeated in 1954 when the Cleveland Indians won 111 games to set the American league record, then lost the series to the Giants in four games.

Comiskey, who later became known as a slow man with a buck, was so happy over the 1906 surprise that he added his share of the gate receipts to the pool for his players.

Once the world championship got here, it stayed for a while. The Cubs won the National league pennant again in 1907, and defeated Detroit in the World Series. The next year the city missed monopolizing the playoff by a whisker. The Cubs won the pennant on the last day of the season and the Sox lost out in their final game. The West Siders again beat the Tigers for the world title.

Since then the city has had only one series winner, the Sox of 1917. Ten years later the South Side team threw the World Series to Cincinnati, and since then they have gone without pennants while every other team in the major leagues has had at least one.

The Cubs have been in a lot of World Series, and almost won the last time out. That was in 1945 against Detroit, when they lost four games to three. In that series Claude Passeau pitched a one-hit shutout, thus tying Reulbach for the stinginess record in championship play.

Since that near miss, the World Series has been seen here only through the miracles of electronics.

These team pictures of the Cubs and Sox of 1906 are from contemporary postcards which, like the other photographs reproduced here, are owned by the Chicago Historical society. The illegible identifications under the White Sox picture are, left to right: rear, McFarland, Hart, Isbell, Comiskey, Fiene, Sullivan, White; middle, Jones, Smith, Tannehill, Roth, Hahn, Dundon, Donohue, O'Neill; front, Walsh, Towne, Altrock, Owen, Davis, Rohe, Patterson, Dougherty.

Michael J. Howlett

International News Photo

The Man Who Fingered

The man who tipped off the *Daily News* on the Orville Hodge dodge was, logically enough, the Democratic candidate for state auditor, Michael J. Howlett.

Howlett was just trying to stir up a little routine trouble for his political rival; he didn't dream that his action would bring about Hodge's removal from the race and to the Menard state prison. Nor did the *News,* at the beginning of the investigation, realize that it had happened on the biggest political scandal in Illinois history.

Apple-cheeked, 42-year-old Howlett is a career politician who left DePaul university at the age of 19 to become a state bank examiner and has since held a number of local, state and federal offices. He is also something of a career informer. In 1951, while regional director of the Office of Price Stabilization, he uncovered the Illinois horsemeat scandal. On that occasion, too, he went to the *Daily News* with the information, instead of confiding it to his fellow Democrat, Governor Adlai Stevenson.

The Hodge revelations had their genesis when Howlett began casting about for a means of embarrassing the incumbent state auditor, the better to unseat him in the fall election. He heard from various quarters that Hodge had the pilot of his private airplane on his state payroll, that he maintained luxurious quarters in the Drake hotel and elsewhere, that he had given jobs to a number of friends of downstate Democratic legislators. It is widely reported that one of Howlett's informants was a strait-laced spinster in Hodge's office who disapproved of his carrying on with some of the younger female payrollers.

In any case, Howlett figured that where there was this much smoke there ought to be some kind of fire in the form of a little payroll padding or other graft. He told what he knew to the *Daily News,* apparently choosing that paper because of their successful collaboration on the horsemeat matter and because he wanted to ingratiate himself further with such a politically influential organ.

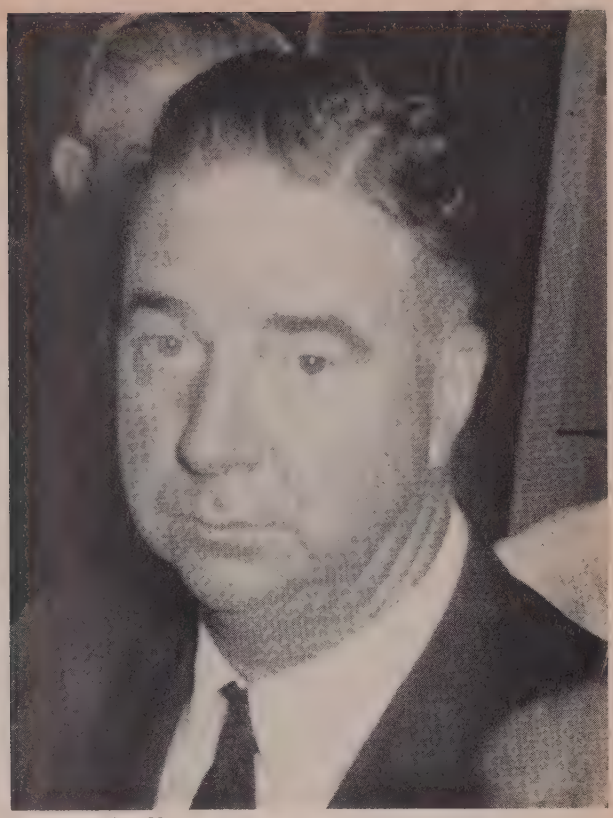
The *News* sent its Springfield man, George Thiem, to see Hodge about Howlett's charges. Hodge offered explanations of a sort for everything. He justified paying his pilot out of state funds on the basis that he didn't use a state automobile, as did other officials. He said the appropriation for his office was nearly used up because he had installed a lot of modern business machines.

Then Thiem asked Hodge to show him his books, and the auditor made his big mistake by refusing. Many observers consider it likely that these records would have revealed nothing important to the press, which didn't know just what to look for. But Hodge apparently got scared, and besides, he wasn't going to have any newspaperman pushing him around. He decided to take the offensive.

He came to Chicago and talked to representatives of the other three newspapers, offering answers for the various questions that had been raised about his office and apparently convincing them that the scandal was a fake having as its sole purpose an increase in *Daily News* circulation. The *Tribune, American* and *Sun-Times* began running stories emphasizing Hodge's defense.

When Hodge got back to Springfield he was summoned to a conference by Governor William G. Stratton, who wanted to know what was going on. Hodge gave Stratton the same explanations he had given the papers, and told him the case was nothing but a routine attempt at a political smear. Why then, Stratton wanted to know, had Hodge refused to let Thiem see his books. Hodge said he had consulted a lawyer and had been told that he could be sued if he did so,

Hodge



International News Photo

Orville Hodge

that they were not public records in the usual sense of that term.

Stratton called in Attorney General Latham Castle and asked him if he had been the lawyer who gave Hodge that opinion. Castle said he hadn't, that on the contrary it was his view that the opposite was true – that Hodge did have an obligation to make his records public.

Stratton confronted Hodge with this opinion and demanded that he open the books. Hodge said he would think it over. When he failed to change his stand, Castle made his ruling public. Then State Treasurer Warren Wright went to Stratton and told him some of the vouchers issued by Hodge's office didn't look quite right to him. Stratton and Wright gave microfilm copies of the vouchers to the *News,* and that was when the case really broke open.

The *News* took the vouchers to the people to whom they were made out and learned that the supposed payees had never seen them. With that, other papers hurried to get into the act. They got vouchers of their own and turned up further cases of fraud. Both the *Tribune* and the *American* made important revelations along these lines. The *Sun-Times* was largely shut out, so it dug up a lesser scandal involving the political fund in the county treasurer's office.

Howlett's role in bringing all this about undoubtedly pleased the *Daily News* mightily, but it had the opposite effect in the other three editorial offices. Rumors are circulating that one paper's staff has been ordered not to mention his name for any reason until further notice.

AS FOR HODGE, sophisticated politicians agree that his conduct was incredibly stupid. The usual method of stealing public funds is to overpay some contractor or supplier who then secretly returns some of the excess money. Hodge was, in effect, simply giving checks to himself. He thus eliminated the middleman, but made it practically certain that he would one day be tripped up.

One veteran Republican cog has characterized Hodge as a "likeable jerk," but a man who apparently had no concept of morality and felt no sense of wrongdoing until his bold structure of corruption fell on him.

Other thieving officials might feel at least remotely guilty about their acts, but Hodge was one of those people with a faculty for acting as if his sins never happened.

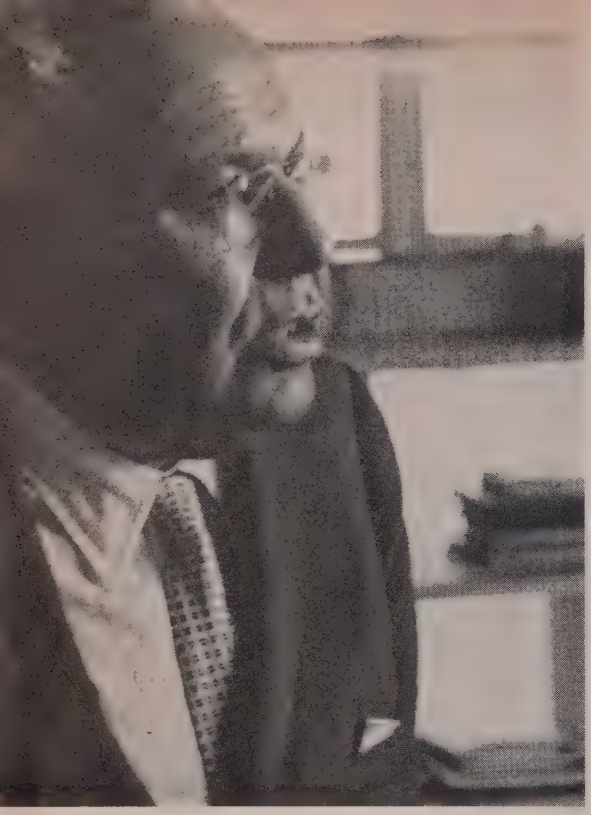
This anecdote serves to illustrate that phase of his character:

During the late 40s, while Hodge was in the legislature, he made it his business to sponsor bills in which the auditor's office was interested. At the same time there was operating in Springfield a lobbyist who periodically gave a chicken dinner for all of the women members of the General Assembly.

On one occasion the lobbyist was working against a bill Hodge was attempting to put through. The vote occurred on the day after the chicken dinner. Learning that several highly respected women legislators planned to oppose him, Hodge denounced them violently on the floor of the House, implying that their votes had been influenced by the $2.50 feast of the night before. Several of them rose to tell him off in no uncertain terms.

Later, when he decided to run for auditor, Hodge approached one of the women and asked for her support in the Republican primary. She indignantly refused, pointing out that she was committed to another man and asking Hodge if he didn't remember slandering her on the floor of the House a few years earlier.

"Why," said Hodge, smiling, "you didn't think I was serious about that, did you?" ■



the man who brought Freud here

Franz Alexander once thought the founder's ideas were "crazy," but he has spent the past 25 years spreading the gospel of psychoanalysis from a unique institution on Michigan avenue

In 1930, Franz Alexander refused to take a visiting professorship offered by the University of Chicago medical school unless he was accepted as "professor of psychoanalysis" instead of "professor of psychiatry." When the medical school agreed to the change of nomenclature, a door banged open in the House of Hippocrates which will never be shut again. To open the door even wider, in fact to break down the walls which have separated psychoanalysis from traditional psychiatry and from medicine, has been a continuing project of Dr. Alexander's for over two decades.

The Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis, which he founded, has been his chief instrument for this purpose, and its success has made it celebrated as the most progressive of the organizations that have grown out of the Freudian movement. The eve of Dr. Alexander's departure from the Institute, to concentrate on various research projects, seemed like a good occasion to ask him to look back on his career in this city, which has had such a fundamental influence upon the development of psychoanalysis.

Psychiatry is the medical specialty which deals with the cause and cure of mental and emotional disorders. Psychoanalysis is a whole new theory about the structure of the human personality, which places great emphasis on the role of the unconscious mind, and of basic biological drives. It includes a theory about the origin of mental and emotional disorders in unconscious conflicts between the sexual and other impulses—plus a method of treating some of these disorders (neuroses). The hostility with which these revolutionary, and, to many persons, somewhat repugnant, ideas were met on the Midway, as earlier in Vienna and Budapest, is brought out in the following interview with Dr. Alexander. So also is the extent to which they have triumphed, to the point where the Institute at 664 north Michigan has become not only a worthy successor to the original institute in Berlin where Dr. Alexander studied, but also an accepted peer of the psychiatric faculties of this city, where the theories of psychoanalysis are now either given full currency, or else subjected to reasoned examination instead of a priori rejection.

The interview was conducted by Dr. Alexander's daughter Francesca, who is currently writing a book giving, in lay terms, a psychoanalytic explanation of fear. Apart from its interest as the success story of a distinguished citizen, this interview illustrates some of the reasons why this community has quietly become one of the key centers of the world for psychiatric research, and precisely what is being done here to make the cure of souls a science.

When did you actually become a psychoanalyst?

I entered the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Berlin in 1920. It was the first institute of its kind anywhere in the world, and, in fact, I was its first student.

Why did you decide to enter this new and relatively untried field?

After serving as a medical officer for four years during the first World War, I returned to Budapest to accept a post as laboratory associate at the neuropsychiatric institute of the university. The work required some contact with hospitalized schizophrenic patients. At that time I had no special interest in the mental condition of these people. As a physiologist I was primarily concerned with what happened to their blood chemistry and metabolism—not their minds. But one of them constantly pestered me with descriptions of his dreams.

I vaguely remembered that once, years before, as a medical student, I had read Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*. My father, a professor of history of philosophy, was editor of the *Journal of Philosophy*. One day he

gave me a copy of Freud's book to review, saying: "This belongs to your field—it is not philosophy." I read the book, and told my father: "It may not be philosophy, but it isn't medicine either."

When the schizophrenic patient insisted on telling me his dreams, I remembered Freud's work. The book was crazy, but so was the patient; maybe the crazy book might help me understand the crazy patient.

It's hard to believe that there was a time when you were unaware of and unfamiliar with the concepts of psychoanalysis.

Remember, I had been trained as a research man and teacher in the exact laboratory sciences. This new science seemed difficult to grasp and to follow. But my newly-aroused interest caused me to struggle on with it, and I found that here, after all, was an intellectual edifice which had some familiarity and appeal—it reminded me somewhat of the structure of theoretical physics.

Nevertheless, my decision to make psychoanalysis my profession was a difficult one. So new was this science, so startling in its fundamental implications, that its adherents inevitably displayed all the characteristics of a "minority group"—they were attacked, vilified and misunderstood by those who should have regarded them as colleagues.

I must confess that the psychological reaction of minorities has never appealed to me. In the conservative atmosphere of my home, every rebellion had a distasteful connotation. Minorities, we felt, always believed themselves to be a chosen few—we felt they become suspicious, withdrawing, provocative and narrow-minded. It was not easy for me to associate myself with a group which might react in such a manner in defense of its unpopular ideas.

drawing and design by Robert Katzman

Since Europe was the home of this new science, what made you decide to come to America?

I did not come to this country with the idea of remaining. In fact, I came to deliver a paper before the Second International Congress of Mental Health, which was held in Washington, D. C., in April of 1930.

My paper, which dealt with the unconscious motives of the criminal, was discussed by Karl Menninger, who strongly challenged the psychodynamic views presented. Within the next two years, however, his increasing interest in such matters had brought our viewpoints closer together. It is Karl Menninger, in fact, who holds the first certificate ever awarded by the Chicago Institute.

While I was still in Washington, I received a telegram from Robert Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, inviting me to visit him before I returned to Berlin.

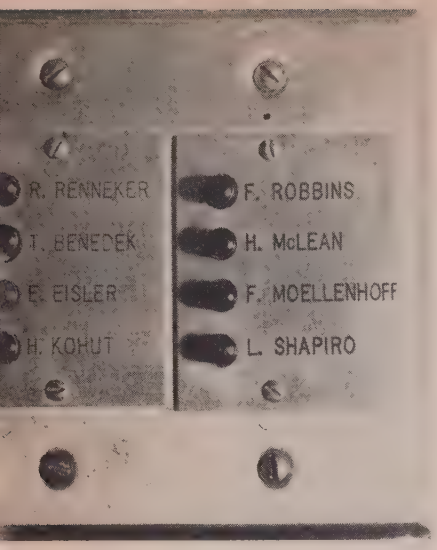
Hutchins and Dr. Franklin McLean, then head of the University of Chicago clinics, invited me to accept the position of visiting professor of psychiatry for one year. I, however, insisted that I would accept the post only as "professor of *psychoanalysis*"—since this was the subject I wished to teach.

After some hesitation and soul-searching, they consented to this change. I then cabled my wife to ask whether she would like to spend a year in the States.

She answered: "By all means accept this position. I want to meet the famous Italian gangsters about whom I have read so many admirable stories in the press." And in September of 1930, my wife and two daughters came to Chicago to live on Dorchester avenue.

Did she ever have an opportunity to meet the gangsters for which Chicago was so famous?

In a way, she did. Two weeks after her arrival, we were at the Winder-



mere East hotel having a light dinner in the drugstore (an experience novel to both of us). My wife complained to the waitress, saying that she was sadly disappointed in not having seen any "real crime" since she had come to Chicago. In some agitation, the waitress whispered, "Please don't say that so loudly—there's a hold-up going on right now at the counter."

We never did find out whether these particular gangsters were Italians, so I cannot say that this contact with "real crime" actually came up to my wife's hopes of what might be expected from her wayward compatriots.

Was the concept of psychoanalysis known and accepted in Chicago, or did you meet with much resistance?

The one-year venture at the University of Chicago was anything but smooth sailing. The medical faculty was not at all receptive to psychoanalytic concepts, and openly expressed its rejection.

Dr. McLean, who was most eager for the experiment to succeed, suggested that I invite the medical faculty to attend a seminar in which I would propose some of the fundamentals of psychoanalysis.

I decided to go very slowly in presenting these formidable new concepts. The first hour I devoted to the work of Charcot, the French neurologist, and to the work done in the school of Nancy by Bernheim and Lieubeault, who had conducted hypnotic experiments which proved the existence of unconscious processes. I had hoped to minimize the resistance to my main theme by leading up to it cautiously through more familiar and "respectable" avenues. However, at the end of the hour a member of the medical faculty rose and put a question to me: Was psychoanalysis based upon controlled laboratory experiments?

I answered that it was not.

In that case, he told me, he and his colleagues would not be interested in any further seminars.

I asked these gentlemen to withhold their judgment until I had proposed and explained the fundamental concepts of the subject. Nevertheless, he and several of his colleagues walked out—but a considerable number remained.

This episode disturbed me. I wrote to Sigmund Freud, telling him of the reaction that I had just witnessed. Freud was incensed over the philosophical naiveté which prevailed among medical men, both here and in Europe. He wrote back, suggesting that I ask the seminar participants whether they regarded astronomy or paleontology as exact sciences—neither are based on experiment; man cannot bring the stars into the laboratory, and a fossil will not tell him much when he has done so.

But I knew that it would take more than an ironic question from Freud to bring about an acceptance of the new ideas which I was forcing upon my unwilling listeners.

Psychoanalysis was indeed almost unknown in Chicago. Its only representatives here were a few men whom I had trained in Berlin—Dr. Lionel Blitzsen, Dr. George Mohr and Dr. Thomas French.

At the University of Chicago I conducted another seminar for the members of the social sciences and humanities faculties. This seminar was more successful.

Resistance by the medical school slowly decreased, and in the third quarter of the year I was invited to give a course to the senior medical class.

What was the next thing you did?

With my year at the university finished, I was free to accept the invitation of the Judge Baker Foundation in Boston to work with William Healy on a project sponsored by prominent lawyers and medical men—among them Dean Roscoe Pound, professor of jurisprudence at Harvard. The subject of our study was criminal psychology.

At the end of my year in Boston, I was firmly convinced that there is a significant difference in the motivations of American and European criminals. The European criminal is frequently influenced by a deep-seated, unconscious sense of guilt. He commits crimes which are actually less serious than the crime he wants, unconsciously, to commit. Thus he strikes a good bargain—he escapes the consequences of the heavier crime, but his guilt is assuaged.

The American criminal is more frequently motivated by a sense of shame—shame for his own lack of success in a society where success is paramount. By breaking the law, he shows himself to be tough and courageous, and this achievement mitigates the shame for his feelings of inferiority. The results of this study were published by Healy and myself under the title, *The Roots of Crime,* in 1935.

In your first two years here, then, you were occupied with teaching and research. How did it come about that

Upper left: Press any of these bells on the tenth floor at 664 north Michigan and a psychoanalyst will pop out of a nearby office. Right: Dr. Alexander with his secretary, Mary Commons.

the Institute for Psychoanalysis was founded at this time?

In the fall of 1932, a group of interested citizens under the leadership of Alfred K. Stern, a director of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, decided to create the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis. Until this time, there had been nothing to indicate to me that we would stay in America, or that Chicago would be my home for some 25 years. But I was asked to become the director of the institute, which opened its doors in October, 1932.

The original members of the board of trustees included Stern, president; Sidney L. Schwarz, vice-president; Dr. Ludwig Hektoen, treasurer; Walter T. Fisher, secretary; Mrs. Helen Swift Neilson and Professor William Ogburn.

Current president of the board of trustees is my good friend Lawrence F. Stern, president of the American National bank.

What was the institute's original purpose?

To begin with, its basic purpose is the purpose of psychoanalysis everywhere: to make available the healing services of a group of specialists to those in need. This included a low-fee out-patient service. Beyond that, its purpose was then, and still is, fourfold: 1) to advance the science of psychoanalysis through collective research; 2) to liquidate the isolation of psychoanalysis by integrating it with psychiatry and medicine; 3) to develop a historically and critically oriented teaching program for psychiatrists; 4) to give the community an adequate appreciation of psychoanalysis as a medical speciality, and also as an integral part of contemporary thought on the nature of man and the society in which he lives.

Which of these purposes do you feel is most important?

In a young science, research is paramount—it is even more important than teaching others the little we know of the human mind. And yet—to find workers capable of research we *must* teach them what we know at present. Research without teaching is as incomplete as teaching without research.

The Chicago Institute is a pioneer; it is here that we, for the first time in the history of psychoanalysis, conducted simultaneously a systematic, collective study of patients suffering from the same disease, steadily confronting our observations and formulations with those of others studying the same material. This scientific methodology is not new in physics or physiology, but it was new in psychoanalysis.

As a teaching institute, the contributions we have made are certainly not negligible. Graduates of the institute—those who hold certificates and are thereby accredited analysts, include such men and women as Roy Grinker, director of the institute for psychosomatic and psychiatric research and training of Michael Reese hospital; Henry Brosin, chairman of the department of psychiatry, University of Pittsburgh; Maurice Levine, head of the department of psychiatry, University of Cincinnati; George Ham, chairman of the department of psychiatry, University of North Carolina; Minna Emch, Chicago psychoanalyst; Karl and Bill Menninger, of the famous Menninger clinic; Irene Josselyn and Lucia Tower, both of the institute staff; and Gerhart Piers, who is soon to take over the directorship of the institute.

This may be an appropriate point at which to state how happy I am that Dr. Piers is to be my successor. He arrived in this country from Vienna, where he received a very thorough training in psychiatry, in 1939, and joined the staff of the Elgin State hospital the same year. Since 1942, he has been on the faculty of the Institute. He has been a highly respected member of the faculty, and his broad cultural interests and sound judgement are well-known.

What proportion of practicing qualified analysts in the country today received their training at the institute?

No exact figures are available concerning the number of practicing analysts in the country. The American Psychoanalytic association's current membership is about 600, and we have in the past 24 years certified 25 per cent of this number.

Did your own views in any way influence the method of training candidates to become analysts?

Of course they did—it would be impossible to be so intimately associated with an organization and not make an impression upon its methods. My feeling about the training of candidates, in particular, goes back to my firm conviction that flexibility, rather than rigidity, is most needed in the proper development of this science.

It is a universally accepted axiom of psychoanalytic treatment that the "transference relation" must be present—that condition in which the patient regresses to a dependent and child-like state, and looks upon the analyst as a parent image. The successful handling of this passive, dependent component is one of the most difficult technical problems in the treatment. Early it came to my attention that, "for best results," one must adjust the treatment to the patient—not the other way around.

We found that it is advantageous at times to change the intensity of the therapy—this can be achieved by altering the frequency of interviews or by temporary interruption of the treatment. This flexible approach makes the patient more conscious of his dependent needs, and allows the therapist to help him overcome them.

It is, however, in direct conflict with the formal view which holds, for example, that no one has been successfully analyzed unless he had at least 300 interviews, conducted on a four-or-five-times-weekly basis. Our approach was particularly stressed in the case of training analyses of candidates at the institute.

My colleagues and I, who believed in the value of flexibility in treatment of patients, felt that these same principles should be applied in the case of students being analyzed as part of their training. This view aroused a storm of controversy.

Therapists who believed that continuous daily contact with the analyst is indispensable were sure that the training analysis (which should above all others be most intensive) would suffer if daily contact were not maintained. I also was anxious that the training analysis should not suffer, but, in my opinion, a flexible approach is most consistent with the basic goal

Dr. Alexander with Dr. Thomas French, author of the definitive book, *Integrational Behavior*. Portrait of Freud in background was painted by Mrs. Alexander.

of psychoanalysis — to bring about changes in the personality of the patient. I believe that adherence to rigidity and routine uniformity, which does not take into account the analysand's personality and the ever changing psychological situations as they emerge during treatment, may lead to undesirable effects.

Disagreement over this issue became so acute in 1950 and 1951 that it almost threatened to disrupt the unity of the American Psychoanalytic association. Fortunately, a compromise solution has been found, which makes deviations from a formal and rigid pattern acceptable when there are well-founded reasons for a freer approach.

If you had to select the most important contributions to the field which you, personally, have made—what would they be?

I believe that my particular contributions lie in two major areas: first, in psychosomatic medicine; second, in the field of personality research.

"Psychosomatic" is a word one hears pretty frequently these days—I know people who think that a psychosomatic disease means one that is "all in your mind." Could you give some details about the research into this area which has been carried on at the institute?

Four years ago I organized a team of nine doctors to work on a project which has become known by the name "Specificity." Its real title is "A Study of Psychosomatic Correlations." Members of the team are Richard Renneker, Irene Josselyn, George Pollack, Louis Shapiro, Charles Kligerman, Lucia Tower, George Mohr, Thomas French and Eduardo Weiss.

Lawrence F. Stern, chairman of the board of the Institute for Psychoanalysis, and of the American National bank.

In a sense, this project is a test of the psychoanalytic method, for its purpose is to validate psychoanalytic formulations by objective, independent criteria.

During 20 years of clinical research, we have become convinced that certain psychological patterns are characteristic of individuals suffering from certain organic diseases. Note, please —I say "organic" diseases; we certainly do not tell an asthma patient that his sufferings are "all in his head." Each one of seven organic diseases which we have studied in connection with the "Specificity" project seems to have its own unique pattern.

The diseases are: duodenal ulcer, asthma, rheumatoid arthritis, arterial hypertension, ulcerative colitis, thyrotoxicosis and dermatitis.

The duodenal ulcer patient is frequently a man whose basic conflict is between the wish to remain in a dependent, infantile situation, and his pride and adult feelings which make it impossible for him to do so. Many ulcer patients show an exaggeratedly aggressive, ambitious and independent attitude; they never seek help for themselves, but eagerly assume responsibilities for others—ulcers are common among successful businessmen.

In asthmatics, two psychological features stand out. Attacks are usually precipitated by internal and external pressures which induce the victim to leave his home and the persons upon whom he is dependent. They occur when he is threatened with separation from his mother or from a mother-image. An attack may occur at the prospect of a marriage, or of being drafted or undertaking a new job—particularly if the mother-figure is herself ambivalent about the separation.

The second psychological feature of asthma is related to communication with others. A graphic way to put this is to characterize asthma as an interrupted cry. Mothers of asthmatics are apt to be impatient with the child's crying, which is after all the child's first communication with his mother. Later in life, this difficulty in communication takes the form of a difficulty in intimate communication with the victim's spouse, because of an overpowering fear of rejection. Asthma is a disease of communication: it attacks the mechanism of breathing which is the physiological function used both in crying and talking.

In both arterial hypertension and rheumatoid arthritis, the inhibition of aggressive wishes is central. Hypertensive individuals are, on the surface, accommodating people who also give the impression of great personal control and maturity, but underneath, there is a great deal of emotional tension and resentment. They are eager to be liked, and to be on good terms with other people. This tension, caused by an inhibition of self-assertiveness, is a constant stimulus to the nervous centers and endocrine secretions controlling blood pressure.

The arthritic shows a tendency to control not only himself, but others, too. As long as he can play the role of the benevolent tyrant, he can drain his pent-up aggressions. But when this combination of helping and controlling others fails, through fortuitous circumstances, attacks of arthritis are precipitated. The arthritics, as children, are characteristically found to have been restricted in their physical expression by over-dominating and over-protective parents. This puts a premium on physical expression as a means of asserting freedom. Seven out of eight arthritics are women who as preadolescents were tomboys, thus putting emphasis on physical activity as an act of rebellion.

Attacks of ulcerative colitis occur most frequently when the victim has given up all hope of accomplishing what he has set out to do. Sufferers from this condition often have mothers who were extremely ambitious for them as children, and urged them toward greater accomplishments than they were capable of performing. Driving ambition, imparted in early life, in combination with the feeling of hopelessness, is a central conflict in these sufferers.

Sheer biological fear about survival is a focal issue in thyrotoxicosis. The disease not infrequently begins immediately after experiencing a physical trauma or observing an accident to others. Fear of death is central, and it is interesting to observe how this fear is handled. The individual develops a counter-phobic attitude — a denial of fear by seeking out dangerous situations. This person matures early.

Among the typical cases on record is one of an individual whose life history indicated that when only six years old, she took care of a household. Eventually, in the lives of these individuals, the method of combatting fear by being self-sufficient breaks down: then the disease starts. Physiologically, what happens is a stepped-up production of thyroxin, a secretion of the thyroid gland, whose one of

many functions is to increase alertness in response to fear. Fear itself, in turn, further stimulates the activity of the glands. It should be noted that, apart from this specific activity, the thyroid gland is involved in general in the acceleration of metabolism and body growth. The early maturation which is a characteristic of people with thyrotoxicosis indicates that the thyroid gland must be involved very early in the development of the condition.

As for dermatitis, we know that the psychological significance of the skin is manifold. It is through the contact of his skin with his mother's that the child first experiences being loved—by cuddling, hugging, kissing, etc. A person suffering from dermatitis usually has had an undemonstrative mother, and his desire for love —specifically in the form of bodily closeness—is keen, as if his skin were itching for contact. Another feature of this condition is a conflict over the exhibitionistic tendencies of the sufferer—the wish to attract attention and be admired. In so far as the surfaces of the body most exposed to view are affected in this disease, it is not surprising to find that the psychological component includes a conflict over the impulse toward self-exposure.

I feel that it is most important to emphasize that psychological factors are not the sole cause of these diseases. These factors have their effect only on those individuals who have an organic vulnerability or sensitivity in that part of their bodies where the disease normally finds its focus. The predisposing factor may be hereditary, or acquired early in life by disease, or by early body-habit patterns. The specific emotional conflict, in combination with the predisposing organic factors, together are responsible for the development of these diseases. In the absence of the organic vulnerability, the same psychological habits may lead to no bodily disturbance at all, and manifest themselves only in behavior and psychological symptoms.

Is there any therapeutic significance to all this?

I think so. It gives us a guidepost on how to handle these patients psychologically. Moreover, by eliminating the emotional factors through analysis, or intensive psychotherapy, one of the two components causing these diseases can be neutralized. A patient's chances for recovery, despite his organic susceptibility, are thereby enhanced. Medical art—that intangible component of medical therapy—can thus be transformed into a more scientific procedure, which is not solely dependent on the intuition of the born physician.

Dr. Alexander, center, in Topeka in 1933 with Dr. Charles Menninger, left, and his son, Karl.

The method set up for testing our psychoanalytic formulations allows for a rigorous scientific analysis of our hypothesis that a characteristic psychodynamic "pattern" can be found in all these diseases. A patient suffering from one of the seven diseases is interviewed by a member of the "Specificity" team. The interview is mechanically recorded. In transcription, all medical clues are eliminated from the interview—only psychological and biographical data are retained. This expurgated record is then submitted to the other team members.

Each man then separately makes a psychodynamic formulation—a reconstruction of the patient's conflict and personality development. Then a diagnosis of the organic ailment is made. If the group—by using their knowledge of the interrelation of mind and body—succeeds in diagnosing the organic disease from the psychological data only, then the correctness of the original formulations is considered proved.

Although the project is not yet terminated, preliminary results show that our basic theories are validated by the experiment.

To my knowledge only one other study of a similar kind was made in the past. It was conducted also here at the institute, by Dr. Therese Benedek, who succeeded in predicting the exact day of ovulation in women merely from studying their dreams.

You say that this "specificity" project is fairly recent, but I know that you have done a good deal of work with psychosomatics since the Institute was founded.

Yes, you're right. This study is but to test the earlier findings, such as the discovery of the psychological factors in the causation of the duodenal ulcer.

Did you arrive at the discovery of a personality pattern in patients with psychosomatic illnesses by chance?

My first suspicions arose when I was treating patients who had ulcers, but who had come to me for the relief of other neurotic symptoms. During

the course of these analyses, I began to be aware of a relation between the patients' conflicts and the development of their ulcers.

When I became convinced of the plausibility of this speculation, we initiated a systematic study of ulcer patients. This was perhaps the first time in the history of psychoanalysis that a systematic, collective study of patients suffering from the same disease was undertaken. It was an important step forward; it is not so much *what* we discovered, as *how* we discovered it that makes the Chicago Institute a pioneer; it has shown the way for psychoanalysis to enter a new phase of collective, collaborative research.

You mentioned that "psychosomatic" has become a popular word today —I can certainly support that. When we were first engaged on these studies, I actually received a letter from a woman requesting me to send her a bottle of my special elixir—"Psychosomatic Medicine." And I recall a popular cartoon—in which a puny patient sits on a physician's examining table, looking up anxiously as he awaits the verdict. "Don't worry," says the doctor reassuringly, "it's all in your body."

Do you feel that the concept of psychoanalysis has been generally accepted by the American public today?

I believe that it has achieved wide acceptance on many levels—differing, of course, in degree of involvement and depth of understanding.

Among professional people, psychoanalysis has come a long way in the 25 years since the medical gentlemen at the university first declined to attend my seminar. Acceptance of the principles of psychoanalysis by lay people can be seen in the success of our child-care courses, conducted under the supervision of Helen Ross, who at the same time in the last 14 years was the administrative director of the Institute. Students enroll for a three-year course devoted to helping them learn the dynamic functioning of the human personality. The program includes practical work with children, as well as academic courses. The biological, psychological and sociological study of the child has as its goal the discovery of ways and means to *prevent* interferences with normal emotional growth. This program, initiated in 1950, has graduated 118 students: 63 social workers, 27 teachers, 19 psychologists, five nurses, and four ministers.

On still another level, I believe, the general public has accepted psychoanalytic concepts. Articles dealing with mental and emotional problems are common today in the mass-circulation magazines.

And it is some years since we analysts infiltrated the vast testing ground of commercial entertainment—via the enormously popular musical, *Lady in the Dark.* When I saw the Hollywood version of this tale, I told myself that the public would now know *of* us—even if not all about us. But sadly, I remember thinking that the only resemblance between the analyst in the movie and myself was the fact that we used the same brand of fountain pen. It was then a new product—and both Hollywood and I were up-to-date.

Widespread acceptance and knowledge of psychoanalytic concepts should be encouraged on all levels, for psychoanalysis is the most productive approach for the advancement of mental health.

That opinion is both interesting and frightening. You say that psychoanalysis is vital to mental health—yet I know that the expense of treatment is such that only people of means can afford it.

I did not mean to suggest that everyone must be analyzed to be healthy—and that is fortunate, for there are not enough of us to take care of all those whose need for analysis is clearly indicated.

I have stressed the importance of research and teaching because it is through such avenues that we may hope to use our knowledge *preventively.*

You are right, of course, in saying that private treatment is expensive. There is as yet no way to limit the enormous amount of time that the analyst must devote to the private patient. The hours may be flexibly arranged—they may at times occur daily, then again at three and occasionally two weekly interviews—but the total duration of treatment is usually long. No one can crowd analysis into his summer vacation.

Is there any way to get help for those who cannot afford private treatment?

The institute has always maintained an out-patient clinic. Training can-

Among the numerous women who have played important roles in the Institute's varied activities are, left to right, Dr. Helen McLean, Helen Ross and Dr. Irene Josselyn. Mrs. McLean, whose husband, Franklin, was instrumental in bringing Dr. Alexander to Chicago, is herself particularly distinguished for research in the psychology of race relations. Miss Ross, associate director of the Institute, is currently studying psychoanalytic faculties throughout the country under the auspices of the American Psychoanalytic association. Dr. Josselyn, who stresses the significance of early environment, was herself brought up among assorted desperate urchins by her father, Orris Milliken, a pioneer in the handling of adolescent delinquents.

didates, under supervision of senior analysts, treat clinic patients for very low fees—based on what they can afford. Some have been treated for nothing, but the average fee is three dollars per hour. Every year approximately 125 patients receive help in this way.

Would you sum up your feelings as to the future of psychoanalysis?

I believe the future will see the application of psychoanalytic principles in new and varied forms of psychotherapy. We will learn to reach areas of mental disturbance which are now beyond our scope; we will broaden our techniques and methods of approach.

Neurosis can be likened to cancer: the more advanced cases may resist treatment entirely; other cases may respond to radical treatment which inhibits the progress of the disease, and early diagnosis may make radical treatment unnecessary.

Similarly, in early cases of mental disease, brief psychotherapy can often be successfully employed; this is an approach based on psychoanalytic principles, but differing in technique. Treatment of the early stages of neurosis by such techniques may well constitute an answer to our national dilemma of dealing with increasing mental illness.

In the area of public acceptance, I feel the future of psychoanalysis is safe. The original feud between the medical fraternity and Sigmund Freud now belongs to history. We analysts are no longer "beyond the pale"; rather, we must beware lest we be set apart in another way—on a pedestal. There is a tendency in some quarters to regard us as magicians; we push a button, we cast a light, and the patient goes forth "well-adjusted." Conversely, there are those who regard all analysts as quacks, preying upon a deluded public.

Between these extreme viewpoints lies the truth: the psychoanalyst is a specialist in a broad field which includes the specialties of medicine and the social sciences. We must be ready to communicate freely with other physicians and with the social scientists, for our specialty is now established as an integral part of the whole field: the study of human behavior.

One of the earliest aims of the institute was to pave the way for this unification. It was for this reason that I insisted that the institute should remain a center for research, and not function solely as a professional school.

And as a school, the institute is well-organized; it has a carefully planned curriculum, and emphasizes a critical historical approach as opposed to dogmatic indoctrination.

What are your personal aims for the future, now that you are leaving Chicago and the institute?

I have been a practicing psychoanalyst for thirty-five years. For myself, I feel impelled to examine the therapeutic process more precisely than it is possible to do under the exigencies of other duties.

Most of our knowledge about human behavior is of a qualitative nature. We can reconstruct the various often conflicting motivations which impel a man to do a certain thing, but we can only guess at their relative strengths.

All human actions are overdetermined. For instance, a rich man may give a large sum of money to build a hospital. He may be conscious that the motives for this philanthropic gesture may include his desire to help humanity, or to further the research on some disease which caused the illness or death of someone close to him; and he may wish to repay the community which was good to him. But at the same time he may also want to preserve his name; he may be competing with other members of his family of whom he is envious, or he may wish to achieve social status.

To gauge the relative significance of all these coexisting motives is not possible; and their importance will change from year to year and from month to month, according to his life situation.

As a psychoanalyst, it has been my most consistent aim to test *objectively* the validity of different interpretations.

I have accepted an invitation from Mt. Sinai hospital in Los Angeles—an institution whose psychiatric department is primarily devoted to research. Support from the Ford Foundation will make it possible to devote the next five years to an intensive, evaluative study of the therapeutic process.

The questions I hope to answer more precisely are many. *Why* does psychoanalysis work? How is it that the psychological process of self-revelation brings about changes in the personality structure—and in what do these changes consist? I wish to consider yet again the realistic goals which may be expected from psychoanalytic therapy. Within the framework of its principles, how may we broaden and improve our techniques?

I should like to be able to evaluate the ways in which the physician's personality influences therapeutic results—and to discover how this factor can be controlled. The right patient must find the right doctor—how may we reduce the element of chance? Most of all, perhaps, I hope that this study will make psychoanalytical techniques more teachable.

Since the beginning of my career, I have given only part of my time to private practice. My early training for and dedication to the scientific method would never permit me to abandon writing, teaching—and systematic research. We can only teach what we know. I shall continue to study—I shall devote almost all of my time now to further research, and to re-evaluating those principles which I have been practicing over 30-odd years.

What will you miss most in leaving Chicago?

There are many things I shall regret leaving—personal and professional associations which have given me great satisfaction—my home of more than 20 years. With my colleagues here I have spent the most productive years of my life—and I shall miss the stimulating environment of this great city, the home of four great universities, a dynamic, progressing center of unlimited possibilities.

Last but not least, I regret leaving the "Specificity" project, which has been my central interest for the past four years. However, I will continue my work on this project in Los Angeles with the help of Dr. Renneker and Dr. Mohr—both original members of the team.

What do you feel you have missed by living in Chicago all these years? For instance, do you detest the climate like so many other adopted citizens?

I have never been climate-conscious—but perhaps it is easier for me to say this when, as you see, I am thoroughly air-conditioned. But, yes—there are things I have missed: The New York *Times* to open at the breakfast table; a permanent opera company; skiing, at some reasonable proximity to the city; a good gypsy band; the sidewalk coffee houses of my youth in Budapest, where talk and atmosphere worked together to stimulate my personality development.

Do you hope to find some of these "missing" components in Los Angeles?

No comment! ■

A Garland for Rufus

An escorted daylight tour and

a lonely, endless night

in a Skid Row mission flophouse

by Bernard A. Brunner

Just off west Madison street, at 12 south Peoria, is a shabby three-story hotel with an orange and green neon sign. This is the Dawes Center, known to my friends, who patronize it regularly, as the largest blood bank in America. That is a curious and rather sinister reputation for any hotel, even a flophouse, but then the Dawes Center has had a long and curious history.

At present it is under the control of the Chicago Christian Industrial league. This group, organized in 1909 by the Presbytery of Chicago, has as its object, "to get back into a normal way of living, men who through misfortune or evil habits have drifted into the ranks of the shiftless and dissolute." To this end, the mission serves an average of 500 meals daily and provides sleeping facilities for 317 men. Though the Dawes Center is the chief flophouse for Skid Row, it is only part of a fairly large enterprise – the league has three buildings, including a workshop, and the annual budget is $110,000, of which 30 per cent comes through direct gifts.

The main building, at 28 south Sangamon, is a three-story brick structure, with a neon sign, CHICAGO CHRISTIAN INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE, and a white neon-bordered cross bolted to the second story. When I arrived there at three o'clock one afternoon, a line of men already squatted on the sidewalk, or leaned against the barred windows of the basement dining room, waiting for evening service and a bowl of soup.

The office of Rev. William Seath, D.D., Ph.D., was on the third floor. It was a large square room, painted green, the walls of which were liberally sprinkled with dim brownish seascapes and paintings of Christ. Near the door, on gold-painted plaster, two hands were molded in prayer. Along two of the walls were bookcases, covered with photographs and a shining row of bronze and china horses. The desk, on an island of flowery carpet, was in the center of the room.

A frail white-haired man came in with two Cokes. He held them while Rev. Seath put down a sheet of paper to protect the desk, and then shuffled out.

"Dawes Center?" Dr. Seath jumped up and went over to the book case. "There's a book on it somewhere. Never mind, I know the history of it by heart."

He returned to his leather-covered chair behind the desk – a short burly Scotchman, about 55, wearing a green shirt open at the collar, with the sleeves rolled above the elbows of his long hairy arms. His black hair was greying and his large tanned face was deeply wrinkled, but his bright little eyes were happy and he moved and spoke with enormous energy.

"The building itself was erected in

1913 as a memorial to Rufus F. Dawes, the general's son. You know, General Charles G. Dawes, the Chicago banker who was vice-president under Coolidge. A great man. He was my good friend for many years." Seath settled himself back in the chair, his foot propped up on an open drawer, and rubbed his forehead. "Rufus drowned in Lake Geneva. He was a college student, at the University of Illinois, I believe. He was tremendously interested in homeless men, and in the great depression of 1911 – I came to this country just in time for that one – that boy, only in college, mind you, set up soup kitchens on the street.

"The general himself became interested somewhat earlier. He was attending a business meeting in New York, and took a walk after one of the sessions to clear his mind. He noticed a ragged man sitting on a bench and sat down by him and talked with him for a few minutes. He offered him money but the man refused. He said he didn't want charity. He wanted a job." Dr. Seath bounded to his feet and began pacing back and forth, jingling coins in the pockets of his unpressed brown pants. His great face, set close to his broad shoulders, hung downward as he paced. "That night the general couldn't sleep. He always remembered that man, and when his son died he put up the hotel as a memorial.

"It was the model lodging house of the country. People came from all over the world to see it. In those days it was known as the Rufus Dawes hotel, and you could get a night's lodging for a nickel. Lunch in the basement was another nickel."

Hitching up his trousers, he returned to the desk, finished his Coke in one furious swallow and put his foot back on the drawer.

"Well. The general operated the hotel himself – I mean his representative did – till the great depression of 1930. Business in the hotel ran way down then; the men didn't have a nickel. Lodging houses all over the neighborhood closed down. We had to open shelters. In 1931 we had 3,500 men in bed every night and served 1,400 meals every day. You won't believe this, but under the governor's commission we got 13 cents per man per day to house and feed them. That's a fact. Brother, it was rough." He swung his arms across each other, gripping his chest. "Rough. I wouldn't do that again for a thousand dollars a day. We had to treat them like cattle – feed, feed, sleep. It was brutal. But there were no complaints, the men were tickled to death to be in out of the cold.

"Anyway, the hotel was turned over to the city of Chicago during the depression, to one of the public agencies, I forget which. We took possession of it on July 28, 1939, on a ten year lease at a dollar a year with a privilege of renewal. Which we have done, of course."

He brought his thick fist down on the desk. "Five minutes after the key was turned over, a prayer meeting was in progress in the lobby. After 15 minutes work was started. Yessir. And the general gave us 2,000 dollars to help clean it up – we washed it from top to bottom and got new blankets, new linen, new mattresses. On October 23, 1939, the name was officially changed to the Dawes Center – that was on the 30th anniversary of the founding of the league. I've been here 25 years myself, in mission work for 36.

"What a great day that was! The general and Mrs. Dawes were both present. In honor of the general, one of our men played a cello solo of a number written by the general himself. As a surprise. And Mrs. Dawes insisted on taking apart one of the beds herself. She's still alive, God

illustrated by Robert Katzman

bless her, and contributes to our work."

He sprang to his feet and disappeared into a closet. "Here's some literature," he said. "Wrote it myself. Explains all about our setup. I'm a Presbyterian myself, but I discourage the sectarian part. Different religions are different dialects of the one language of God."

He saw my eye on a red velvet kneeling bench in the corner between the two bookcases. "That's my prayer corner," he said, and opened the doors of an oak cabinet above it. A light came on automatically, glowing on a golden crucifix and two candles against a background of red velvet. "I use that in helping people."

"What are those horses?" I asked him, pointing to the figurines on the bookcase.

"Ah." He stopped, and, reverently, picked up the first in line, a horse carved from redwood. "That's from a bank president. I straightened him out and he gave it to me."

His hand fell on the shining flank of a golden bronze horse, one of ten in a neat diminishing row. "An ex con. And this is a young girl I straightened out," he said, pointing to a small white china pony, its hoof delicately lifted. "And that's a woman I straightened out. All my horses." His brooding face ran down the shimmering line of horses, his eyes caressing their tossed heads and flaunting tails, their burnished manes and their lovely blank eyes.

He snorted suddenly. "Well, I'm started now," he said, and switched on a light over a painting of dun-colored rocks and the sea breaking. "My mother was a painter. And my grandfather was a poet." He took a leather-covered volume of poetry from the bookcase and showed me, on the frontispiece, his grandfather's long bearded face. "Let's go."

He escorted me around the mission, from the Friendly chapel to the kitchens and dormitories. "In this place," he said, "a man getting food and clothes is not contingent on him having a spiritual existence." Then we went over the one block to 12 south Peoria, to the Dawes Center. In the bright sunlight, as he put on dark green glasses, he confessed, "I haven't been to this place in a week, but the converts take good care of it." Then, shrugging his powerful shoulders, he reverted to his job as director of a mission. "You don't have to read all that stuff I gave you, but I believe in research. I want to know what I'm doing. There I'm different to most mission people."

At the door to the Dawes Center, he paused and put his foot into the hole worn in the cement step by generations of vagrants. "Put your foot there," he said. "Go ahead. They told me to fill it in but I wouldn't. Someday I'm going to figure out how many hundred thousand men have passed through this door."

He backed onto the sidewalk and pointed to a polished brass plate, set into the cement by the entrance. It read:

RUFUS FEARING
DAWES MEMORIAL
ERECTED BY HIS FATHER
1913

"The boys polish the brass every day," he said. "They really work on it. They're as proud of that as can be."

Returning the sunglasses to his shirt pocket, he led me up the steps and into the huge marble lobby, smelling of disinfectant and nearly filled by long rows of chairs for religious services. "We give bed tickets to six missions in the neighborhood," he said, "forty a day to the Salvation Army alone." He waved to the clerk and rushed toward the far wall, pointing at a gilt-framed painting. "There he is," he said excitedly, "there's Rufus." We stood together looking up at a young man wearing a high collar and a narrow grey suit, holding a hat in his hands. Darkened by time and accumulated dirt, his handsome face stared across the shadowy lobby at the portrait of his father, pipe in hand, on the desk, and at Washington and Lincoln on the wall. There was no name on the brass plate under the picture. I pointed this out to Dr. Seath.

"I've got to get that fixed," he said. "Anyway, let me tell you this personal story. It's terrific. Five years ago I invited the general — he only died two years ago. I invited the general to one of our board meetings and suggested that after dinner we go over and look through the Dawes. But you know what the general did? He came down early, went into the Dawes himself, not telling the boys who he was. He said he was a citizen of Chicago and wanted to look it over. They showed it to him from top to bottom and at last they came to the lobby, and Bill, the man who was taking him around, took him over to the picture and the conversation went something like this: 'This is young Rufus Dawes, sir, the boy in whose memory this building was put up by his father. He must of been a wonderful boy, because he was interested in guys like me. He tried to help the men of this area. He really must of been a fine boy.' The general grinned, looking at Bill. 'You know,' he said, 'I think he was. He was my son'."

Dr. Seath folded his arms on his chest, squeezing himself, laughing. "That's a grand story, isn't it? You know, the general, a lot of people said he was tough as nails, but he was all heart, not hard-boiled at all. He just loved the guys on the Street." He smiled, the creases deepening in his tanned face. "Isn't that a beautiful story?"

He led me, then, to a large dormitory off the lobby, filled with narrow cots, neatly made. Sunlight streamed in the windows at the far end of the room. The cement floor was covered with damp swirls from a recent mopping. "We have 225 beds on the three floors of this building," he said. "These beds cost 25 cents a night."

"It used to be 300 beds," I reminded him.

"Well, the law cut us down. More space, you know. See?" he swept his arm over the neat rows, "all nice and clean. The men in this room rent their beds by the week, so we change the bed linen weekly. Upstairs, with the daily turnover, we change them every day."

"Is that so?" I said. "Do you have any private rooms?"

"Oh yes, on the third floor. They cost 40 cents."

"How many do you have?"

"I don't know." He called out to the clerk and repeated what he heard, 70. "We give a lot of those rooms away. The men don't like to walk up that high." I made a motion to go up, but he turned down the stairs, saying enthusiastically, "Let's go down here; I want to show you my fumigating room. I designed it myself. We blow hot air through iron pipes until there's 200 degrees of heat. The clothes are hung on iron pipes. I designed it myself. I guess I should have had it patented; it's basic for missions all over America."

After he showed me this, he led me back upstairs to the lobby, and pointed to the rows of chairs. "We have service in here at 7:30 every morning when the men leave their rooms. We average out to 135 a day."

He looked at his watch. The interview was over.

THE NEXT EVENING, when I went over to look upstairs for myself, the same old man was at the desk. In the light of a down-turned lamp, his veined and freckled hands moved over the register, which partly concealed the legend, printed on the blotter: "Christ died for our sins." From behind the desk came the muted voice of Bob Elson, broadcasting the Friday night game with the Orioles at Comiskey park. The clerk wrote down my name and handed me two much-punctured

squares of cardboard, pinned together, with "11" smeared on each in black crayon. I turned from the island of light and the blackboard announcing morning service and from the photograph of Dawes — turned, and joined the procession of vagrants who, for 40 years, had trailed across the dark marble floor under the severe and noble stares of Washington and Lincoln. The portrait of Rufus was in complete darkness.

It was late and I was alone on the brightly lighted stairs, reeking with lysol, and in the dressing room, painted brown and orange, the heavy tables standing in the dim light like sleeping animals. It was warm and musty, smelling of sweat. At the far end, through a hole broken in the wall, the wet floor of the boiler room shone like a mirror. In the wash room, a solitary man was shaving at one of the long row of porcelain basins. Shadows lay in the creases of his bulky white body naked and stooping in the light. A trail of wet foot prints faded on the gray concrete floor.

Around the corner orange light streamed from the open door of the cloakroom. Ahead of me, two naked men padded down the hall, carrying their clothes on a hanger and a little bundle of papers and valuables wrapped in a shirt. I turned in my clothes, with one of the tickets, and followed the men to the second-floor dormitory, a vast chilly room filled with rows of iron cots. It was dark, illuminated only by a silvery wall of windows which glowed with light from a street lamp outside, and by two white and red exit signs, which cast a dull yellow track on the high ceiling.

A custodian showed me which bed was mine. Pushing the other card and some change under the pillow I covered myself with the heavy quilt, which was clammy and stuck to my skin, and tried to sleep. The toilet flushed. The wall shimmered dully in the silvery light of the windows. The sound of coughs and snores rose in the dank heavy air, the scuff of shoes on cement, snatches of subdued talk: "I'm wore out. I'm too tired to sleep." A light flared in the darkness, a yellow face, as someone lit a cigarette. It glowed red, moved in an arc. A negro lunged up with a huge brown ripple of muscle, cursing, slapping at his leg and then scratching his glistening shoulder.

"Shut up," came an angry voice from the darkness.

"You shut up yourself."

"Make me."

The negro stood up, gangling, swinging his head around. "I'll make you. I paid for this flop, rummy, Speak up. Where are you? I'll throw you out the window, hear?"

There was silence. He dropped back to the bed, searching under the pillow and across the sheets with hard quick fingers.

The hideous nightly banquet had begun.

I saw the tiny black spot moving on the sheet and crushed it, smearing the sheet with blood. There was a faint smell of turpentine. I sat up, and coins which had slid from under the pillow stuck to my neck and shoulders like warm leeches, then dropped to the bed. I saw that the dirty sheet and and pillow were covered with similar blotches. I looked around. Far across the room was the open door to the toilet, a block of pink light and shadows that filled, as I watched, with a bent white body. The wan light caught a shoulder, knees drawn up as if in agony, a hand scraping at the sheets. Only the winos slept, dreamless and heavy, snoring.

I stood up and began to walk the long dark aisles between the beds. Dark heads and arms moved against the light as I trudged, a pillow case draped over my back, toward the windows, the strings which hung from the lights brushing my face in the dark like cobwebs. Through an opened window, each time I passed, I saw the whitewashed side of a tavern across the deserted street, and on it, the shadow of a beer sign like a motionless black flag. A man sat on his bed, scratching himself with a comb, first his legs and then his grey curly hair. It was Josie, a gandy who has been on the Street, drinking hard, for 15 years.

"I don't know why I come here," he whispered, crossing his legs. "A box car is cleaner. It's harder, but cleaner."

"When can we get out?"

"You can't, not till five a.m. They lock the clothes up."

I brushed a spot on the bed and sat down beside him. "I don't know if I can last that long."

"Well, the lights go on at five." He scratched his ankle meditatively. "Some guys is immune, you know, a bug won't touch 'em. It's their blood or something. But they sure love me, they come in pairs."

I slapped my leg and stood up hurriedly.

"It ain't like the old days," he said. "They used to have a flit gun you could spray with any time you wanted."

I began to walk again, down the long aisles. It was six hours until the attendant would come down the line, pushing the men's shoulders, and they would sit up in the brown light, yawning and scratching, and we would wait on the stairs, naked except for our shoes, for the cloakroom to open. From outside came the distant high wail of a siren, the crash of a bottle breaking in the street, the echoing sound of voices quarrelling. I sneaked down the stairs to see what time it was. Just as I entered the lobby, the night watchman turned off the lamp on the desk.

Dark in the shadows, he warned me, "Get outta here."

"What time is it?"

"Night time. Get out."

I tried to turn on the lamp and his black arm lifted, brandishing a black poker, and he lunged toward me. I turned and ran, back to the long rows of beds upstairs, the endless rows of grey rectangles, tipped with the white of pillows, the naked arms and legs sticking out of the blankets like arms and legs sticking from the dirt of shallow graves. And gorged with blood, the black feeders swarmed over the still breathing dead. A supercharged engine roared like a beast in the empty street outside.

At the back, under the exit signs, were the fire escapes hanging in the faint light over the alley. A cigarette wrapper scraped over the iron slats in the chilly wind. The beam from a flashlight poked from the roof above me into the littered darkness, sliding over the fences and cans.

"I have no self respect for myself or I wouldn't be here." It was Josie. Over his back, bony and humped like a turtle's, he had thrown a pillow case, imitating me. "The next time I come here sober you let me know."

I shivered. "The pillow case doesn't help much."

"I don't mind that. It's losin' all that blood. You know what accounts for all those guys that died from sellin' too much blood? Like Rusty last winter? It's because they lose it here every night besides."

"You hear that motor? It's a souped-up Hudson. I saw it. I wonder what they're looking for?"

"I donno. Look at this," he said, lifting a heavy workshoe and pointing to a row of lumps on the back of his hairy leg. "I ain't slept a wink."

I left him sitting miserably on the blood-stained sheets. The next time I passed he was stretched out with his forearm over his eyes like a corpse which is resigned at last to lie down. Ten minutes, maybe, had been used up. Far ahead the light in the windows shown feebly and I picked my way down the dark narrow aisle, thinking of the general and the proud tattered man on the bench, of Josie, of the golden horses and of Rufus, drowned. ■

Rosa Raisa in costume for *Conchita*, a jazz opera of the 30s.

Queen Mother of Opera

As prima donna emeritus, Rosa Raisa is a living bridge between the Golden Age and the Revival

by Ruth Duskin Feldman

On October 10, the reorganized Lyric Opera company will hopefully open its third season. The opera will be Puccini's *The Girl of the Golden West;* the star, Eleanor Steber as Minnie.

Last year, the Lyric's Renata Tebaldi created a sensation with the liquid warmth of her *Aida.* And Maria Meneghini-Callas astonished operagoers with the cold brilliance of her coloratura technique from the moment she opened the 1954 season in *Norma.*

These three sets of singers and roles were hardly cut from the same mold. Yet, in the golden years of Chicago opera, before the depression brought Sam Insull's dream crashing about his ears, all three roles were the almost exclusive property of one woman: Rosa Raisa. *The Girl of the Golden West* has not been done since 1923, when Raisa did it. *Aida* was practically her trademark; having debuted in it in 1913, she was still winning acclaim for it 16 years later at the opening of the new opera house. As for *Norma, Musical America* commented in announcing Callas' 1954 performance that the role has "challenged the prowess of some of the world's greatest sopranos, including . . . Chicago's own Rosa Raisa."

The words "Chicago's own" are a fitting description of this remarkably versatile artist. Although she graced the most renowned opera houses of the world, she has considered this city her home. For 23 years she and her late husband, baritone Giacomo Rimini, were among those who formed the backbone of the various companies that gave this city some of the finest operatic entertainment it has ever seen. One of our most adulated sopranos, she has been a moving spirit in attempts to revive opera here. Yet, because she refused to sing with the Metropolitan, she has received relatively little recognition from New York writers, although critic W. H. Henderson once ascribed to her "one of the most beautiful dramatic organs" that city had ever heard.

Certainly Mme. Raisa has not suffered from lack of comment, both favorable and otherwise. Gifted with "a voice of notable size and strong dramatic talents," as the *Music Lovers' Encyclopedia* puts it, she so impressed Paul Hume, music editor of the Washington *Post-Times-Herald,* that he selected her "Suicidio" from *La Giaconda* for the record, *The Critic's Choice,* declaring: "Raisa's was the greatest voice I ever heard. And with the magnificent sound went a technical control that made this dramatic soprano a superb coloratura singer."

One of the most discussed singers of her time, she received, along with the highest of critical praise, occasional charges of loud singing, forcing her voice, inconsistency and even crudity. Henry C. Lahee summed it up: "Raisa must be accepted as a striking and noble personality with a gorgeous voice which she may not always use with discretion. . . . She is a singer to be heard."

Today this great lady of the operatic stage is no longer singing, but she remains very much a part of the Chicago musical scene. As prima donna emeritus, she has lent her prestige and support to the Lyric Theater's efforts; and, as a voice teacher, she is helping to train the young singers who should, she believes, eventually form the nucleus of a truly indigenous company.

Rosa Raisa's career has paralleled that of the whole Chicago opera venture. She arrived shortly after the first resident organization, the Chicago Grand Opera company, got on its feet; she reached her peak of artistic achievement before 1930, when this city could boast an opera company second to none. She retired in 1936, when a feeble Chicago City Opera company was struggling to stave off for a few years the imminent local demise of the art. And she was still here to help in 1954, when the Lyric Theater sprang up and, in Mme. Raisa's words, "revived legitimate opera" in Chicago.

In spite of her close identification with this city, she is not a native. Born Raisa Burschtein, the daughter of a contractor, on May 30, 1893, at Bialystock in the Russian sector of partitioned Poland, she grew up amid patriotic anti-czarist revolts and czarist-inspired anti-Semitic pogroms. Surrounded by violence and unrest, she developed a great love of music and used to follow organ grinders through the streets, singing with them.

At the age of six, after her mother's death and her father's remarriage, she went to live with her cousins, the Bigdorciks, (one of whom, Alexander, is now a doctor on the South Side). In 1907, when Raisa was fourteen, a terrible pogrom broke out in Bialy-

stock. After hiding in a cellar for three days, the family escaped and joined relatives in Capri.

In Italy young Raisa got her first break. A wealthy Neapolitan family, the Ascarellis, arranged an audition for her at the San Pietro-in-Maiella conservatory at Naples; she won a scholarship and commenced a five-year period of musical training under Barbara Marchisio. "I still bless the memory of that wonderful old lady and artist," Mme. Raisa exclaims. "Even at seventy, she could still demonstrate wonderful phrases in that beautiful voice of hers."

Mme. Raisa's early study, emphasizing the coloratura roles of the old Italian school—Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti—was later to give way to a concentration on the dramtic roles of modern Italian opera—"the period of storm and stress." Although this dual training enabled her to take a wide range of parts, defying the modern vogue of specialization, she preferred, for their expressive potentialities, such dramatic roles as Aida, Giaconda, Mimi, Norma and Desdemona; and indeed, she has been noted as much for the intensity and naturalness of her acting as for the power and richness of her voice.

Her student days in Naples were happy ones. With the Ascarellis paying her room and board, she was able to concentrate entirely on her music. "I feel sorry for the poor kids today," she says, "who have to struggle to make a living." Not a subscriber to the theory that suffering evokes great art, she believes that above all the singer must "eat well, sleep well and live well. Then one can bring out the sensitiveness of a beautiful soul to produce beautiful art."

On the other hand, she did not exactly live in luxury. Anxious not to take advantage of her benefactors, she scraped along on 60 lira per month, refusing their offers to increase her allowance. "It is good to struggle a little bit," she says. "It forms the soul." Her meals were simple—coffee for breakfast, a roll and riccotta cheese for lunch. At nights there was the big meal—spaghetti, meat and vegetables, salad, fruit and wine—"my appetite was very good," she admits. She boarded with a dressmaker who made her clothes—one change for summer and one for winter—in exchange for help with the sewing.

Summer vacations were spent in Capri with her cousins. "I really developed there," she recalls with obvious relish, "eating well, bathing in the sea, enjoying the wonderful climate and beautiful setting, singing at the top of my voice, attending the opera and reading—one should read good, entertaining stories before retiring so as to awaken in a good humor."

In 1913, at the age of 20, the young soprano came to the attention of Cleofonte Campanini, general director of the infant Chicago Grand Opera company. He arranged for her debut September 6 in the Verdi Centenary at the Regio in Parma; the opera was Verdi's first, *Oberto Conte di San Bonifacio*. It was Campanini who thought of her stage name. When she was introduced to him as Raisa Burschtein, he frowned: "You'll never be famous in America with that name; people will never remember it." Informed that her given name meant "Rose," he dubbed her Rosa Raisa.

FOLLOWING HER PARMA DEBUT, Mme. Raisa came to Chicago with Campanini and made her American debut in the Auditorium on Saturday, November 29, 1913, in *Aida*. Wrote Glenn Dillard Gunn in the *Tribune*: "Mme. Raisa is an experienced and resourceful artist, and though she . . . was interpreting her part for the first time, there was nothing in the performance to indicate it." Gunn's appellation of "experienced" was particularly high praise, since at the time Mme Raisa's professional experience totaled approximately three months. Another critic, Edward C. Moore, wrote: "Miss Raisa's chief asset . . . was a voice the like of whose power had never been heard on that stage." And maestro Campanini is said to have remarked, "I know she is young now and not fully developed artistically, but mark my word, one of these days she will be known all over the world as one of the greatest dramatic sopranos."

Only one untoward incident in the performance itself marred this splendid beginning. Near the close of the Nile scene, two Ethiopian extras, recruited from south State street, who had been in the triumph scene, apparently mistook their way out of the building and were seen calmly walking across the stage through the "water" of the Nile, wearing derby hats at a rakish angle. It took Rhadames, Aida and a number of soldiers to chase them offstage, while Campanini spouted foul language.

The end of Mme. Raisa's first season also brought the end of Chicago's first opera company. With the outbreak of war in 1914, and faced with a deficit of $250,000, the officers decided to cancel the coming season and tossed the organization into bankruptcy. Mme. Raisa went abroad, as did Mary Garden, Titta Ruffo and others from the Chicago roster. The

company was revived in March, 1915, as the Chicago Opera association, but Mme. Raisa remained away until the following season.

During her two years in Europe and South America, she appeared at the Constanza in Rome, creating the title role of Zandonai's *Francesca da Rimini*, repeated at La Scala in 1916; Covent Garden and the Colon of Buenos Aires, where she sang opposite Caruso in *Aida*. "He was the greatest," Raisa declares firmly, "a kind and generous person as well as a great singer. It was the most inspiring experience singing with him."

In the fall of 1916, Mme Raisa returned to Chicago to begin a string of 16 consecutive seasons as "one of the company's most dependable and famed permanencies," as Edward Moore put it. With her she brought an unknown young soprano who became an overnight sensation—Amelita Galli-Curci. Says Mme. Raisa, "For me she is the greatest coloratura."

During that season, Rosa Raisa began to appear frequently with her future husband, baritone Giacomo Rimini, in *Aida, Andrea Chenier* and the comic *Falstaff*. Mme. Raisa tells how her husband—she refers to him as "Mr. Rimini"—was chosen by Toscanini to play Falstaff. The maestro told him to study part of the first act and come back the next day to sing it. Rimini went home with his accompanist and "never went to bed that night." The next day he knew the entire act by memory.

Rimini's vocal zeal provided humorous relief in one performance of *Aida*, in which he played the captured king of Ethiopia. In the interest of realism, the extras who were holding him had been instructed not to let him go. But Rimini wanted to be free to gesture and emote in the true operatic style. When his guards resisted his efforts, he knocked them to the floor. Again they grabbed him and again were thrust down. Later they informed the stage manager that they were quitting—they would not risk being killed by "that husky guy" for the one dollar they were paid.

Another comic incident occurred in the ill-fated local premier of *Francesca da Rimini*, with Mme. Raisa in the title role. The performance was ruined by a ridiculously realistic battle scene, in which arrows stuck in the canvas "sky" and catapult balls bounced harmlessly off soldiers' heads.

The 1917 season opened with Mme. Raisa taking the Lady Godiva role in the American premiere of Mascagni's *Isabeau*. According to Moore, "At the appointed time, Miss Raisa threw aside her mantle and revealed herself in silk fleshings and a wig that covered her about as completely as the cloak itself, strode off the stage, and was seen again astride a horse as it plodded past the windows at the rear of the stage."

But according to Raisa herself, the word "plodded" was quite an understatement. At the dress rehearsal, her steed suddenly buckled his forelegs and threw her over his head. It developed that he had been a circus horse and, seeing an audience, made his habitual bow. Another horse was procured for the performance, but this one was so spirited that he galloped across the stage, nearly scaring his rider to death. "I'm glad I didn't have to sing in that act," she laughs.

That winter Mme. Raisa made her first appearance with the company in its annual stand at New York's Lexington theater and received rave notices for her debut as Maliella in *The Jewels of the Madonna*. Irving Kolodin describes her as an artist whom "the Metropolitan could have used at any time."

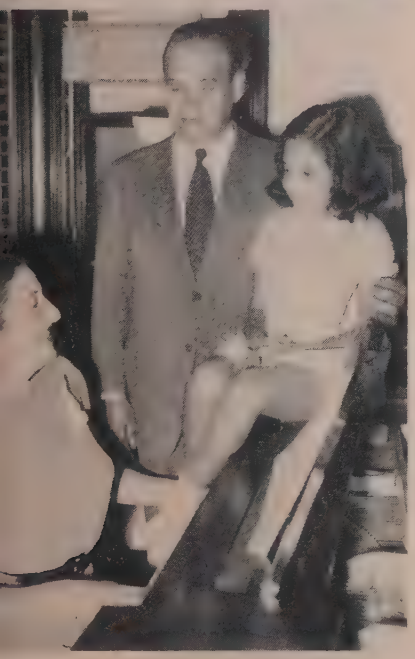
When asked why she never sang with the Met, she explains that she was approached several times but was "so grateful to Campanini and Chicago that I never thought of going to any other company. Our company was not second to the Metropolitan, although they had Caruso and Farrar; we had Galli-Curci, Muratore, Claudia Muzio, Edith Mason, baritones like Mr. Rimini, my late husband, and Titta Ruffo."

Mme. Raisa's part in the 1918 season was cut short by an appendicitis operation, but not before she had made her mark—in more ways than one. In the final scene of *Tosca* she was supposed to fling herself across the "dead" body of tenor Alessandro Dolci. In her excitement, her elbows jabbed into his stomach, causing him to grunt convulsively and thrust his feet into the air. Then, as she got up to run to the parapet, she stepped on his palm with her heel, while the audience roared.

The 1919 season saw Raisa in her first appearance as Norma, the avenging priestess. Typical of the mixed reactions she sometimes evoked was this comment by Henry C. Lahee:

all pictures from International News

Three of Mme. Raisa's favorite roles, left to right: Aida; Turandot, which she created in Milan in 1926, and Norma.



Top to bottom: Mme. Raisa holds her daughter, Juliette, in Congress hotel home 25 years ago; mother and daughter with husband and father, singer Giacomo Rimini, in 1939; grandmother and mother with third generation, George (foreground) and Suzy Segala, as they looked last December.

"In the singing of Rosa Raisa were paired splendor and crudity, rudeness and exaltation. . . . Beyond question this voice has not its equal in America today."

But all other events of that season were soon eclipsed by the tragedy of Campanini's death. On Sunday, December 21, a musical service was held to his memory. His flower-laden casket rested in state in the center of the Auditorium stage, while, from behind a curtain, his company sang with their hearts in their throats. Mme. Raisa appropriately contributed the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater;* one year earlier, she had performed it with the maestro himself conducting, and he had stepped off the stand, kissed her on both cheeks and repeated the number. Campanini's body was eventually laid to rest in his native Parma, and Mme. Raisa had an ornately sculptured stone memorial raised there in his honor. She considered him as her father, and remembers him and his wife, Eva Tetrazzini, with "unlimited gratitude." "He knew the public, the theater, the artist," she says. "He did a whole lot for music in Chicago."

THE 1920 SEASON was one of change both for the Chicago Opera association and for Rosa Raisa. The artistic and executive directors both resigned, muttering about "temperamental stars," and Harold McCormick, president and chief backer, announced that Mary Garden would take over both positions without pay and would also continue as prima donna. *Otello* was presented that year, with Rosa Raisa as Desdemona; but for her the biggest event of that season was her marriage to Giacomo Rimini on November 10, 1920, at St. Joseph, Michigan. They invited the whole company, including McCormick, and all their friends to a tea party at the Congress hotel. "We did not have cocktail parties in those days," she smiles.

Combining marriage with two careers was no problem for the Riminis; they continued to appear together in many of the company's productions. Mme. Raisa considered her husband a "fine and dependable artist" with a "priceless" sense of humor. Their large appetites, too, were well-matched. At one time Rimini shared a room with Beniamino Gigli. They paid the innkeeper two lira a day for their board, and the food was set out family style. Rimini more than did justice to the repast. Finally the host reneged on this arrangement, saying, "If I had two customers like you, I would be ruined."

Mary Garden's experiment as prima donna-turned-impresario proved, in the 1921 season, to be a financial fiasco, resulting in her resignation as "directa" and the formation of the Chicago Civic Opera company with Insull as president. Patrons that season had seen Wagner in German for the first time since the war; Rosa Raisa, who had done Elsa in *Lohengrin* in English the year before, now sang Elisabeth in *Tannhauser* in the original tongue.

The new company opened in 1922 with Mme. Raisa in the perennial *Aida* and followed through with a highly successful season, both financially and artistically, including well-received performances by Raisa and Rimini in *The Jewels of the Madonna* and *The Girl of the Golden West.* The following season the company presented Mme. Raisa and Charles Marshall in *La Juive* on a 10,000-mile cross-country tour. A faux pas was chalked up to the stage decoration department, which placed large busts on the furniture in unintentional contravention of the orthodox Jewish rule against graven images.

During this period Mme. Raisa kept a villa at Valpolicella, Italy, where she and her husband spent their vacations after the Chicago season ended, relaxing in the sun, drinking fine Valpolicella wine ("the best in Italy"), practicing and learning new roles. Mme. Raisa always did technical exercises mezzo voce—in a soft voice; she spoke softly, too, feeling that talking strained her voice more than singing. In studying a new role, she would first penetrate into the words. It is essential, she felt, to know what one is saying and to express the emotion through acting; for this reason, the study of languages is important. (Mme. Raisa speaks seven). "Today people think too much of their voices," she says. If the voice is perfectly trained, she believes, one can "forget mechanism" and let the voice respond to the feelings expressed.

During the spring and summer, she and Rimini often sang in Europe and South America. Some of her "most beautiful" memories are of La Scala, where, in 1924, she was "proud to be chosen" by Toscanini to do Asteria in Boito's *Nerone.* She and her husband were both great admirers of Toscanini; a portrait of him stands on the piano in her living room. When he comes to Chicago, he never fails to call her to dine and reminisce. "To

The Riminis were often a team on stage as well as off. Here they are in a 1922 performance of *Francesca da Rimini* (no relation) with Giulio Crimi, at left.

listen to him is always a privilege," says Mme. Raisa.

It was at La Scala too, in April, 1926, that she created the title role in the world premiere of Puccini's last opera, *Turandot*. Puccini had told her, "I wrote an opera for you, Raisa —that was *Turandot*." But he had died by the time the work was presented, and in Chicago in 1925, she sang his *Madama Butterfly* on the first anniversary of his death.

That season, too, Mme. Raisa created a commotion by bestowing a kiss upon composer-conductor W. Franke Harling at the curtain call of his new opera, *A Light from St. Agnes*. By the time he could escape from the lobby, he had been kissed approximately two hundred times more by opera-in-English enthusiasts. Nevertheless, like most American operas, this one was never revived.

It was not the first time that Raisa's artistry had failed to save a new work. Other discarded operas she has premiered include Franchetti's *Cristoforo Colombo*, Montemezzi's *La Nave*, and Puccini's *Suor Angelica*. "They knew there was always Raisa for the difficult roles," she shrugs. Most new works fail, she points out, because there are few well-written operas by modern composers—only Gian-Carlo Menotti ranks, in her estimation, with the greats of the past. Perhaps, she feels, this is because composers are no longer supported by wealthy patrons and kings and must worry about earning a living. "Now they must make their own way," she shakes her head sadly. "It is very hard."

Mme. Raisa had her first taste of patronage by royalty in 1926, when Queen Marie of Rumania, on a visit to Chicago, honored her Aida by considerably overstaying the time allotted in her busy schedule. (Six years later Raisa performed Tosca before Queen Mary, grandmother of the present British queen).

Illness kept her off the roster in the early part of the 1928 season, but she recovered in time to give an unforgettable performance in a New Year's Eve revival of *Norma*. Mme. Raisa, however, is prouder still of her assignment on November 4, 1929, when she opened the new Civic Opera House with *Aida*, with Giorgio Polacco conducting.

After the first act, Insull hurried back to her dressing room. Nervously, he inquired as to the much-advertised acoustics of the new building. "Mr. Insull," proclaimed Rosa Raisa, "they are very bad." But, she adds, they improved every year as the new wood dried out. Nevertheless, she considers the Civic far inferior to the old Auditorium. "The acoustics there were perfect—like a Stradivarius. It was a different feeling there, too; the people were all around you in a horseshoe. You saw the conductor right away, and your friends in the side boxes smiling, wearing their tiaras. There must be something like radium between the artist and the audience. But in the Civic you have to spit your lungs out across that orchestra pit!" Chicago, she asserts, needs a new opera house—a grand hall on the scale of those in Rome, Milan, Venice and Buenos Aires.

No sooner had the new opera house gone up than the blight of depression settled over it. Insull's fortunes fell with the stock market. In 1932, with the guaranty drive at a standstill, the company disbanded and Mme. Raisa returned to Italy with her husband and daughter Juliette, born July 7, 1931. Of Insull, she says, "I'm sure he meant well."

But opera still had friends in Chicago. In 1933 Paul Longone cabled Rosa Raisa and Edith Mason; they came back to help him organize a new Chicago Grand Opera company which, in 1935, gave way to the Chicago City Opera company.

Time delightedly pronounced the 1935 season "Chicago's worst," dismissed Mme. Raisa, premiering Respighi's *La Fiamma*, as "a relic of Samuel Insull's opera days," but judged her "an ace" compared to the rest of the company. There were charges that third- and fourth-rate singers had been allowed to buy their way onto the roster. According to Mme. Raisa the trouble was that the impresarios "were too commercial! They were not interested in making beautiful music, only in making beautiful money."

Perhaps the low caliber of the organization influenced her decision to retire, though the main reason was her daughter, then five years old and entering Chicago Latin school. Both Mme. Raisa and Rimini decided to give up their careers and devote their efforts to being good parents. So, in 1936, without fanfare, they left the Chicago City Opera Company. Mme. Raisa, however, came out of retirement in 1938 to do the American premiere of Rocca's *The Dybbuk* in Detroit.

THEIR RETIREMENT activities centered upon the Raisa-Rimini Vocal studio, through which they attempted to build up an experimental opera theater to introduce native singers to the public. Several performances were presented, including *The Barber of Seville*, with Rimini as Figaro, but the war and financial problems finally forced them to abandon the project. Mme. Raisa still hopes that Chicago will some day have an experimental theater. She believes that "fine young talents de-

serve to be helped" and is proud of her pupils who have begun to make names for themselves, such as concert artist Virginia Haskins and George Tozzi, now with the Metropolitan.

Norman Ross is another prominent young Chicagoan in whom Mme. Raisa has taken an interest. "She helped me to love opera and its traditions," he says. "The wonderful thing about her is that she would take the time to listen to what young people have to say." Last year she appeared on Ross' television show, *Remember.* Without warning her, he played a recording of her 1929 rendition of *Aida* at the dedication of the opera house. "Her reaction to it was one of the most beautiful moments I'll ever remember," he says.

The couple's retirement years together were productive and rewarding; only once did Rimini express regret. It was on a Wednesday in March, 1952. They were sitting in the music room of their studio-home at 920 north Michigan, playing a tape of the Metropolitan's broadcast of *The Marriage of Figaro,* which Rimini had recorded the Saturday before. The baritone was singing an F pianissimo, and Rimini remarked that it was very good. Mme. Raisa's wide, liquid eyes are saddened as she gently strokes the listener's hair and continues, "I did to him like this, and I said, 'You used to sing it much better.' Then he said, 'Raisa, we both retired too soon'."

That night he died in his sleep of a heart attack. "We went to a movie that evening," she muses. "I still remember—it was at the Esquire—*I Want You,* a stupid movie." On the way home, they stopped at the Knickerbocker hotel to get a newspaper. He aired their Boston Bull dog, got in bed, read the paper and said goodnight. She stayed up for a while, reading the paper. In the morning when she awoke, his head was turned toward the wall; she thought he was still asleep. "About eight o'clock," she continues in a halting voice, "I brought coffee from the kitchen—the maid had fixed it. I said, 'Nino, here is your coffee; drink it while it is hot.' There was no answer. He was gone." They had been married for 32 years. "We had great admiration and devotion for each other," she says. "He was a wonderful man, a wonderful father, a wonderful artist, a wonderful friend."

Today Rosa Raisa lives in an elegant 6½-room apartment on the 16th floor of one of Belmont Harbor's newest skyscrapers, complete with semi-private elevators and a doorman to swing the revolving doors. Mary Garden's description of Raisa as "a lady of great charm" is still an apt one. She speaks softly but firmly and dresses simply, with dignity; her famous dark hair is pulled back in the familiar classic style from her broad forehead, once likened to the brow of a Madonna.

Her imported Italian furnishings emanate Old World grandeur; one of her favorite pieces is an elaborately hand-inlaid walnut buffet, brought over by her daughter Juliette when she and her husband, Dr. Giuseppe Segala, moved here from Italy last year. Dr. Segala has been interning at Columbus hospital and plans to specialize in obstetrics and gynecology. Juliette, according to her mother, has a beautiful lyric coloratura voice—"she could follow in my footsteps." For the time being, however, she is concentrating on being a good wife and a mother to Suzanna, age 5, and Georgitto, 21 months.

The family is completed by Ida, the full-time maid, who has been with Mme. Raisa since 1915; for years she used to hand her hot tea in a thermos just before she went on stage.

WHEN MME. RAISA is not at the Fine Arts building, where she teaches voice on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, she spends her time in a variety of cultural and recreational pursuits—reading, attending plays, operas and concerts, visiting with old friends, listening to the radio, watching television and playing old records. She seldom sings nowadays but occasionally "lets it out" in private or to demonstrate a phrase for a pupil.

Once in a while she lunches at the Congress hotel, where she lived for 25 years, and sits in the lobby reminiscing about the old days in the Auditorium. After the performances she used to return to the hotel through a tunnel, still wearing her makeup, and go directly to her apartment to take a hot bath. Later the singers would gather family-style in the hotel dining room, where the "public" enjoyed watching them eat spaghetti, brought in on flame-heated platters.

Often Mme. Raisa takes her grandchildren for walks in Lincoln park, and once a week, on Wednesday, thrills Suzy with an excursion to Field's toy department; they lunch there and bring back a toy for Georgie. Both children, she says, show interest in music. With typical grandmotherly concern, Mme. Raisa points out the faultlessness of Suzy's English, then rushes to Georgie, who has bumped his head on the grand piano, and whispers soothing Italian phrases in his ear. "My whole life now," she says, "is the joy of seeing them grow."

But this is not completely true; for Rosa Raisa is, and will continue to be, an important part of Chicago opera. Although she hesitates to take credit for it, she has given invaluable advice and support to the organizers of the Lyric Theater, speaking at benefits and providing, above all, prestige and a link with the past. She admires what the Lyric is doing: "They have lots of courage; they have brought back good opera to Chicago. I'm with them whenever they need me." She terms the recent fight between Carol Fox and Lawrence Kelly for control of the company "too bad—a misunderstanding which should not have happened." But she has the utmost confidence in Miss Fox and concludes, "Luckily it turned out so we will have opera again with Carol Fox at the head."

To the much-debated question, "Were the singers of yesterday better than those of today?" she replies with an unequivocal "Absolutely! We had greater voices—greater artists—because they used to study and had more outlets. In the old days there were many good singers; competition kept them on their toes. Today there are a few stand-outs."

Mme. Raisa would like to see the Lyric Opera develop into a truly indigenous American company: "If we could build up the potential talent here, we wouldn't need to import artists from Europe." She mentions Eleanor Steber, Rosa Ponselle, Richard Tucker, Jan Peerce, Roberta Peters and Rise Stevens as examples of "very good" singers who received their musical education in the United States. For the beginning, she concedes, it is necessary to rely on big names. "But the time will come," she predicts, "when Chicagoans will go to the opera as they do in Italy. They will want to be their own judge and build up the big names themselves."

A Chicagoan not by birth but by conviction, she fairly bursts with civic pride as she declares, "Chicago doesn't have to be second to anyone!" The Lyric company, she is certain, will get better every year. "They have demonstrated their ability; if the public will cooperate, I am sure they will continue with the confidence of everyone in Chicago to build something we all need. Beautiful music is not a luxury but a necessity!"

But if, indeed, beautiful music has become for Chicagoans a necessity, it is perhaps because for over two decades it was showered upon them in luxuriant profusion by such artists as Rosa Raisa and her contemporaries, who created for this city a tradition too vital to remain dormant for long. To those who at last have revived that tradition, the memories of their greatness present both a challenge and a benediction. ■

3,000 Handwritten History Books

Chicago Title and Trust company records show who has owned every inch of Cook county since 1831.

by Arnold J. Kuhn

About 100,000 of these cards are used to record tax information that may be important in determining whether or not an owner has clear title to his property.

The first local real estate transfer probably occurred in 1795 when "Mad" Anthony Wayne crushed a group of Indian tribes who had attempted to stem the westward movement of citizens of the new republic into the Northwest Territory. Wayne then induced the chieftains to cede certain tracts to the United States, including "one piece of Land Six Miles Square at the mouth of the Chickago River emptying into the Southwest end of Lake Michigan. . . ."

In the century and a quarter in which Chicago has expanded from three-eighths of a square mile to about 211 square miles, real estate transfers have been many, and the task of keeping track of the ownership of every piece of property has become a gigantic one. For the property purchaser of 1956, it is much simplified by the fact that in one place, the tract book room of the Chicago Title and Trust company, can be found a record of every piece of property in Cook county since it was organized by act of the state legislature in 1831.

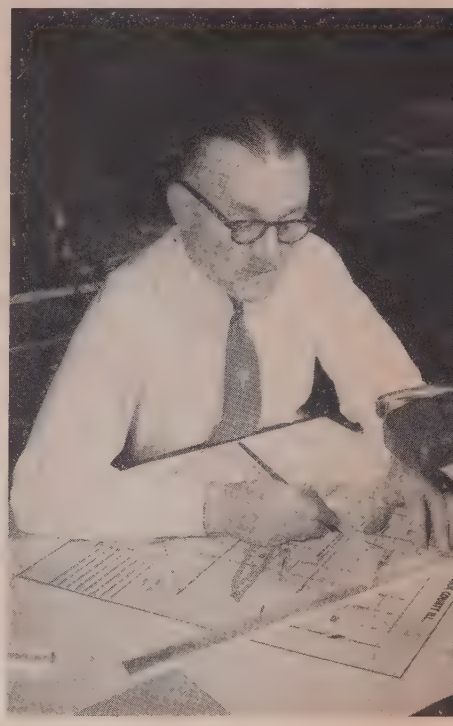
Here on the fourth floor of the 22-story building at 111 west Washington are some 2,900 large leather-bound books on the pages of which clerks standing at high tables make entries by hand recording each item affecting every parcel of property in the county. The present system of record-keeping was devised in 1847 and has remained substantially the same until the present day.

This laborious method of making entries by hand in nearly 3,000 books persists in this day of automation because of the complexities with which property purchasers, including the many new suburbanites of the postwar period, become involved. These complications arise from the fact that receiving a deed when one buys property is no assurance of ownership. The seller, very likely innocently, may have sold the property without owning it—or without having a clear title.

Suppose that you bought a new house a year ago from a builder. You are most pleased with it and have labored long and spent much money on landscaping the lot, adding finishing touches, and building a new patio. Then one day along comes a stranger who tells you that there must be a mistake and the lot on which your house is built belongs to him, not you. You are first incredulous, then indignant and finally stunned when his statement proves to be true.

This is in essence an actual case which occurred here recently: The stranger, who shall be called Ronald J. Henderson, bought a lot during the 1930s. Several years ago a realtor, interested in acquiring the property

Maps showing how all land in the county is subdivided are important supplements to the information written in the tract books.



for building purposes, checked and learned that Henderson owned the lot, but could not locate him until a search of the probate records revealed that Ronald J. Henderson had died in 1944. From Henderson's heirs, who knew nothing about the lot, the builder secured deeds to the property for nominal sums. By one of those coincidences with which life is replete, however, the Ronald J. Henderson who died was not the one who owned the lot. The property owning Henderson, very much alive, drove out one day to see his lot and to his surprise saw that a house had been built on it.

How was this mix-up settled? By reference to the tract books and affiliated records, Henderson's ownership of the property was affirmed. Since the owners of the house had a title insurance policy, the Chicago Title and Trust company paid Henderson for a valid deed to the lot.

THE HISTORY of Cook county and of the title company is full of other cases of misjudged ownership of property, of "clouds" or flaws in titles. A judgment against a property owner resulting from his failure to keep up payments on a washing machine can remain a claim against the real estate even after he has sold the property, and it has been subsequently resold several times. A minor illegally signs a deed, and his age comes to light several owners later and invalidates all these transactions. One of the persons in the "chain of title," as the record of ownership of a property is called, is married and sells the property without his wife's knowledge. Years later she may come forth and claim her one-third dower interest in the property under Illinois law.

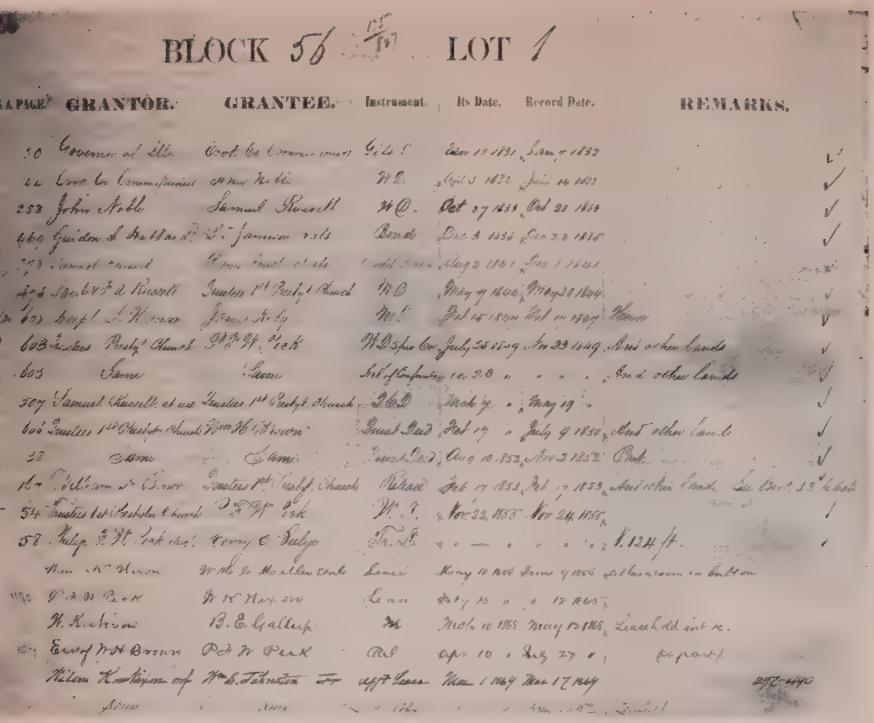
To guard against these eventualities, from the 122 courts in Cook county the title company records daily in the tract books some 1,800 items which affect the 1,200,000 parcels of property in the county. If you buy a car, default on your payments and a judgment is entered against you; if you become divorced; if you adopt a child; if you legally change your name; if you are legally judged mentally incompetent; if you die and your estate is probated—all these are noted by title company clerks assigned to work in the various courts. Every court item affecting a parcel of property, every transfer of property or making of a mortgage each day is entered in the title company records by 11 a.m. of the following day.

Since 1945 thousands of Chicagoans have moved in a constant flow to new areas on the outskirts of the city or into the suburbs. The real estate business has been in a boom period, and consequently, the tract books have been enjoying record use. Here is what happens in a typical transaction:

The prospective property owner requests a title search and a title guarantee policy from the Chicago Title and Trust company, probably through his attorney. All the tract book pages relating to that piece of property are examined back to the time a previous search was made and a policy issued; or, if that has never occurred, back to the original sale by the government to the first private owner. This may have been as early as 1831. All pertinent items are entered on the "chain" sheet prepared for that parcel of land. Other records are then examined for outstanding taxes on the lot. Names of previous owners in recent years are checked in other records maintained by names for judgments and any court proceedings involving these former owners which might affect title to the property.

The examining department of the title company then prepares a preliminary opinion listing any possible clouds on the title. The seller may then be able to clear some or all of them. Harry Johnson is selling the property and there is a judgment against a Harry Johnson. He states that he is not the Harry Johnson involved in the judgment and files an affidavit to that effect. Fred Thomas, who earlier sold the property to Harry Johnson, also files an affidavit stating he is not the Fred Thomas who was divorced from Emily Thomas ten years ago, so no deed from Emily is necessary.

After such "clearance" of as many "clouds" in the title as possible, the title company issues a title insurance policy, either assuming the risk of the remaining possible flaws in the title, or, in some cases, excepting these from the guarantee. Of course, if the flaws are serious enough, the prospective purchaser may decide not to buy the property; the title search has then prevented his getting into a potentially troublesome situation. After the policy is issued, something unforeseen and previously unknown affecting the ownership of the property still may develop (such as in the "Henderson" matter), but in that case the title company will conduct any necessary litigation and keep the homeowner in


BLOCK 56 LOT 1

PAGE	GRANTOR.	GRANTEE.	Instrument.	Its Date.	Record Date.	REMARKS.
50	Governor & Lib.	Cook Co Commissioners	Deed	Dec 19 1831	Jan 7 1832	
44	Cook Co Commissioners	John Noble	W.D.	April 5 1832	June 14 1833	
253	John Noble	Samuel Roswell	W.D.	Oct 27 1835	Oct 28 1835	
460	Gideon S. Hatten & L. Jameson	Trustees	Bond	Dec 3 1836	Dec 22 1836	
573	Samuel Roswell	Trustees 1st Presbyt Church	W.D.	May 4 1840	May 28 1840	
602	Joseph L. Wilson	Trustees 1st Presbyt Church	W.D.	Feb 15 1844	Feb 16 1844	Warrs
603	Trustees Presbyt Church	Wm H. Cook	W.D.	Supp Cor July 25 1849	Nov 29 1849	And other lands
605	Same	Same	Sat of Judgment	10 2 D	" " "	And other lands
507	Samuel Roswell et ux	Trustees 1st Presbyt Church	W.D.	March 19	May 19	
606	Trustees 1st Presbyt Church	Wm H. Wilson	Quit Claim	Feb 19	July 9 1850	And other lands
32	Same	Same	Quit Claim	Aug 10 1852	Nov 2 1852	Cook
16	William H. Brown	Trustees 1st Presbyt Church	Release	Feb 17 1853	Feb 17 1853	And other lands
54	Trustees 1st Presbyt Church	Wm H. Cook	W.D.	Nov 22 1855	Nov 24 1855	
58	Philip F. W. Cook (Mrs)	Henry C. Dalzen	Tr. D.	" "	" "	N. 124 ft.
	Wm H. Brown	Wm H. & Mr Allen Cook	Lease	May 10 1856	June 4 1856	Other rooms in building
	Wm H. Cook	Wm H. Brown	Lease	July 15 "	" 17 1865	
	W. Hutchinson	B. C. Gallup	W.D.	Mch 10 1865	May 17 1865	Leasehold int. &c.
	Earl of M. H. Brown	Wm H. Cook	Rel	Apr 10 "	July 27 "	Expired
	William Hutchinson exp	Wm B. Johnston Tr	Left Lease	Mar 1 1869	Mar 17 1869	
	Same	Same	" "	" "	" "	Leasehold

This tract book page records the ownership history of the Title and Trust company's property at 111 west Washington from 1832 to 1872. Although it has changed hands only a few times, three more pages are needed to bring the listings up to date.

possession of his property by settling any legitimate claims, or, if that is impossible, will reimburse him for his loss covered by the policy.

Some of the cases which arise are complex indeed, as witness the following one which has just been settled:

Recently a couple bought two vacant lots from two men, brothers, who had inherited the property from their father in 1918. The father had left no will, so affidavits were accepted from the two brothers that they were his sole heirs to the property. After the couple had built a house on the land and moved in, a sister of the two brothers came forward with a claim to one-seventh of the property.

Investigation by the title company then led to an exercise in fractions. There had actually been seven children of the man who died in 1918, and each was entitled to one-seventh of the property. One of the children, a son, had subsequently died. His widow then inherited ⅓ of his 1/7 interest, or 1/21. Each of his five children acquired 1/5 of the remaining ⅔ of 1/7 interest, or 2/105 interest each. It was now necessary to locate all of the heirs involved, twelve in number, scattered over Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin and California, and buy up their interests before the title company could get a clear title for the couple who had built the house. All this took many months and much negotiation.

In the attempt to bring such situations to light before property is sold, title company records are maintained with great emphasis on completeness and accuracy. All employes making original entries on the books and "chain men" taking notes from the pages in title searches are carefully trained. Legible handwriting is one indispensable qualification of a clerk making entries in the tract books.

Wendell Harkabus, assistant manager of the department, bemoans the serious decline in handwriting in the past decade. "Out of every ten new clerks we get," he comments, "only about three can write well enough to make these entries." Concerned as he is with good handwriting, Harkabus tried to get his own son to improve his penmanship during his high school years. "But why do I need to do that?" was young Donald's reaction. "When I get to college, I'll type all my papers." Resignedly his father bought Donald a typewriter and a book on how to learn to type.

A glance through the tract books graphically illustrates the change which has occurred from the fine Spencerian handwriting of the 19th and early 20th century, with its smooth graceful lines and flourishes and clear legibility, to the comparatively crude immature-appearing writing of the present day.

Harkabus is well suited to this work too complicated for the vaunted modern business machine. He was orphaned at the age of eleven, his father and mother having died in the space of two years. The family of four girls and four boys stayed together, and in 1922, at the age of 14, young Wendell left school and took a job to do his part in supporting the brood. He started as an office boy in the tract book department, and has remained there since, having earned a number of promotions in the intervening years through hard work and a good deal of native ability.

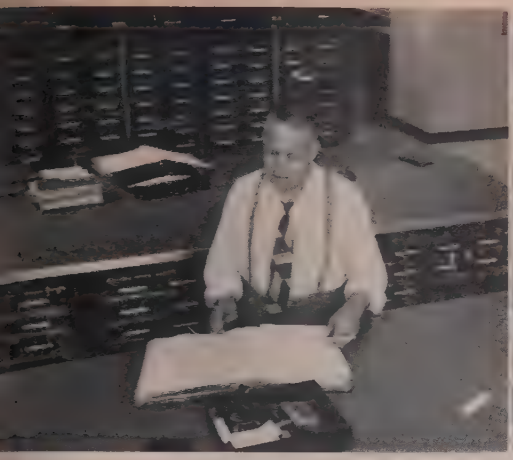
A short, wiry, energetic man with a keen mind shining through flashing eyes, Harkabus evidently enjoys his work, and explains the mysteries of the tract books to the visitor with great pleasure. He seems to know each of the 2,900 books by heart and has little need for indices in locating the book containing pages relating to a particular piece of property. Evidencing his vigor by moving rapidly from books to plats to his desk, he explains the esoteric legal descriptions of property in clear language, a refreshing contrast to the obfuscations of legal documents.

ALL COOK COUNTY property is identified according to a system established shortly after the Northwest Territory was organized in 1787. In surveys of the land west of the original thirteen colonies in the 1790's and early 1800's, federal government surveyors established key reference marks to facilitate property identification. At various points in the region lines known as meridians were drawn running due north and south, and a base line was set up at right angles to each meridian. Land in Illinois is keyed to the third principal meridian, running north from the mouth of the Ohio river about 82 miles west of State street. The base line extends east and west about 230 miles south of Madison street.

Cook county land (as well as the rest of Illinois) is divided into townships six miles square and so containing 36 square miles. Each township is further divided into 36 sections of one square mile each. Identification of individual townships is made by referring to the number of the township north of the base line and the number, or range, east of the third principal meridian.

The sections within each township are distinguished by numbers running from 1 to 36. As parts of each section were sold to individual owners after the formation of Cook county, the owners filed a plat or map of their holdings in the county recorder's office. Subsequently, the original holding of a number of acres, especially in the metropolitan area, has been further subdivided and resubdivided a number of times over the years.

Legal descriptions of a parcel of



Three steps in insuring a property owner against trouble arising from unforeseen claims against his land. Left, the appropriate tract book is checked by an employe who makes a "chain" listing all relevant factors. Center, microfilm machines are used to duplicate for safekeeping information in the tract books. Right, a title guarantee policy, by which the company agrees to protect the owner against any future action questioning his holdings.

real estate make it possible to trace its borders through all this maze. As an example of such a description, consider the site of the title company's building. Ordinarily referred to as 111 west Washington street, it is legally described as "Lots 1, 2 and the east 47 feet of Lot 3 in Block 56 in the original town of Chicago in Section 9, Township 39 North, Range 14 East of the Third Principal Meridian in Cook County, Illinois." With this description and the aid of plats on file, the property can be defined to the exact inch.

The tract books trace the history of this bit of downtown real estate back to 1831. In that year Illinois, which had been granted the land by the federal government, deeded the tract including that site to Cook county. In 1835 one John Noble purchased a parcel on the corner of Clark and Washington streets, the major portion of the present site. Eight years later he sold the land to Samuel Russell, who the next year, 1844, conveyed it to the First Presbyterian church. The church was the first structure built on that corner and remained there until it was consumed by the 1871 fire. The church meanwhile had sold the land underneath to Philip F. W. Peck in 1847 and it remained in the Peck family until 1911.

In 1884 the site was leased from the Peck family by a company which erected a structure known as the Chicago Opera House. Old playbills from the period show that while the Metropolitan Opera company presented performances there from time to time, the theater more frequently entertained Shakespearean companies, musicals, minstrel shows, Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, magicians and concerts. (Chicago's home for grand opera from 1889 to 1922, the Auditorium, was financed by Ferdinand W. Peck, son of the pioneer who purchased the site of the First Presbyterian in 1847).

In 1911 the opera house came down and, acquiring the corner site and a section to the west, Marshall Field interests added to the skyline a 22-story office building known as the Conway building from 1914, when it was completed, until 1944, when the Chicago Title and Trust company acquired it.

Much loop property has a more complex history than this. The land on which the Carson Pirie Scott and Co. store stands today requires a three-page legal description. There are 11 pages of about 50 entries each in the tract books, recording items affecting the property since 1871, and there were a large number of owners of the various small parcels making up the property prior to that date.

A home owner today can look up the history of his lot free of charge by going to the customers' area at the title company. An employe will bring the appropriate tract books to him for inspection. About 300 persons daily visit the customers' room. No questions are asked as to the reasons of those asking for tract books, but it is known that among their number are builders or their representatives looking for vacant property in various areas of Chicago and Cook county and the names of the owners in order that they may buy the property to build on. While the tract book entries do not state whether a parcel of land is vacant, it is possible to tell by the recording of mortgages and other entries whether this is so.

The history of the tract books themselves is tied in with the history of the city's development. The real estate business in Cook county has over the years been a thriving one. When it was first incorporated as a town in 1833, although it had less than 200 residents living in 43 houses, Chicago was sharing in the land speculation mania that pervaded the entire nation. The feverish buying up of land drove the price of one tract on Lake street west of State up from a price of $62 in 1830 to almost $100,000 six years later. The next year occurred the nationwide Panic of 1837, and the glamour of quick riches disappeared from the lots of muddy flats. That same year Chicago was incorporated as a city, however, and its steady growth continued.

By 1847, the year Cyrus H. McCormick arrived here to start his farm implement business, Chicago was a bustling town of 16,000 inhabitants. By now the amount of real estate business was such that the task of searching the indices of public records of deeds back to 1831 was a slow, laborious one, and the results not always accurate. Two men devised the present system of tract records and formed an abstract company, an abstract being a summary of all items affecting the ownership of a parcel of property.

Business was good enough so that additional abstract companies were formed in later years. In 1854 a new and bigger land boom flourished. Suburban swamps around Chicago swarmed with subdividers cutting the marshlands up into lots. Enthusiastic real estate salesmen sold residents of cities in the East lots in Chicago additions sight unseen off of maps. Many of these lots, like those sold in later Florida booms, were under water.

By 1871 there were enough real estate transactions to support four abstract companies. Then the great October fire consumed all of the official real estate records kept in the county recorder's office. The consequence might have been endless litigation over property ownership continuing until the present day. Fortunately, however, the four private companies were able to preserve their records, and these were made legally admissible as court evidence by the

Burnt Records act passed in Springfield in 1872. The present Chicago Title and Trust company is a direct successor of these four companies, consolidated after the fire, and of several other companies organized in succeeding years. All of the combined records of these predecessor companies are found today in the tract book department.

The company thus enjoys the distinction of having the only real estate records for Cook county going back before 1871. Although the need to consult the pre-fire records does not arise every day, they can still be useful in studying property in outlying areas that has been in the same hands for many years and may once have changed hands by the informal methods of the pioneer days.

The title company is also unique in possessing the most complete post-fire records in any one location. To get similar information from public records, an attorney would have to visit several governmental offices.

The title business of the present company and its predecessors was largely confined to preparation of abstracts until about 35 years ago. On the basis of these abstracts, the attorney of a prospective property purchaser would write an opinion as to the validity of the title for his client. As cities developed in size and real estate increased in value, property purchasers began to be concerned about the possible effects on their ownership of any errors or omissions in the public records. In 1876 the first title insurance policy was written in Philadelphia and ten years later the first one was issued in Cook county. The demand for such policies grew slowly, however, until the frantic real estate activities of the 1920's when the desire for fast action in closing deals led to a substantially increased usage of title insurance. This trend has continued until the present, and title insurance now accounts for the major portion of the firm's business.

In addition to their role in private real estate transactions, the tract books are playing an important part in the redevelopment of Chicago. The Congress street expressway, an additional section of which opened in August, required title searches by the company on some 3,000 parcels of land for the city and county governments. The holders of the existing title to each of these parcels had to be known for the governments to negotiate a purchase or initiate condemnation proceedings. Similarly, the building of the other superhighways in the city and county is involving the title company in large scale searches of the tract books. These tomes also played their role in the acquisition of the land for O'Hare field; in the preparation of legal descriptions and title searches on 2,100 acres of Lake Calumet, a hundred dry acres and several hundred acres of marshland, included in the plans of the Chicago Regional Port authority; in a search on over 100 acres for the Chicago Land Clearance commission on the New York Life Insurance company's Lake Meadows project.

All the large redevelopment projects added to the continuing real estate boom in Cook county are keeping the title firm's business at record levels. Presumably, home buying will continue at a substantial rate, for the company's records show that mortgage foreclosures each year remain at a constant low number. (Although the number of judgments resulting probably from defaults on installment sales of cars and appliances is increasing each year; the 1956 rate is running at least 25 per cent over that of last year).

Another disastrous fire of 1871 magnitude is unlikely today, but to guard against this eventuality as well as wholesale demolition of the city by nuclear weapons, all original notes of items posted to the title company books are microfilmed. The films are stored in a secret hiding place, presumably atom-bomb proof and far from Chicago, whose location is known only to a few top officials of the company. Ironically, should a war of nuclear fission and fusion weapons ever destroy Chicago, the residents may perish, but the records of real estate ownership will live on for the benefit of any survivors. ■

design by Robert Katzman

A panoramic view of tract room workers making entries in the books. Every official action affecting a piece of Cook county property is noted and added to the records by 11 o'clock the following morning.

Look for Some Ancient Sin

a story by Shirley Swanson Jacks

The last really big thing Euncie Murphy did before the accident was to push Miriam over the porch railing. This was something she did fairly often and it always delighted her more than even she had imagined it would. She stared down at the sprawled body and sing-songed, "Miriam Hecht busted her necht, Miriam Hecht bust-ted her necht." Convulsed by this unusually fine witticism, Euncie clasped her stomach with both arms and contorted her face and body in soundless laughter.

The act robbed Miriam of her vanity. She was a clumsy girl who could not do even the premeditated with grace. She could not grasp the railing and swing herself lightly onto the porch as Euncie would do in a like situation, but had to walk around and up the three steps while her attacker watched and hooted.

Euncie had set herself up as strong, agile, clever and divine. She never let Miriam see the part of her which was afraid. She displayed some other rather unpleasant motives for her actions, but never fear. Fear was Miriam's realm. She was a coward.

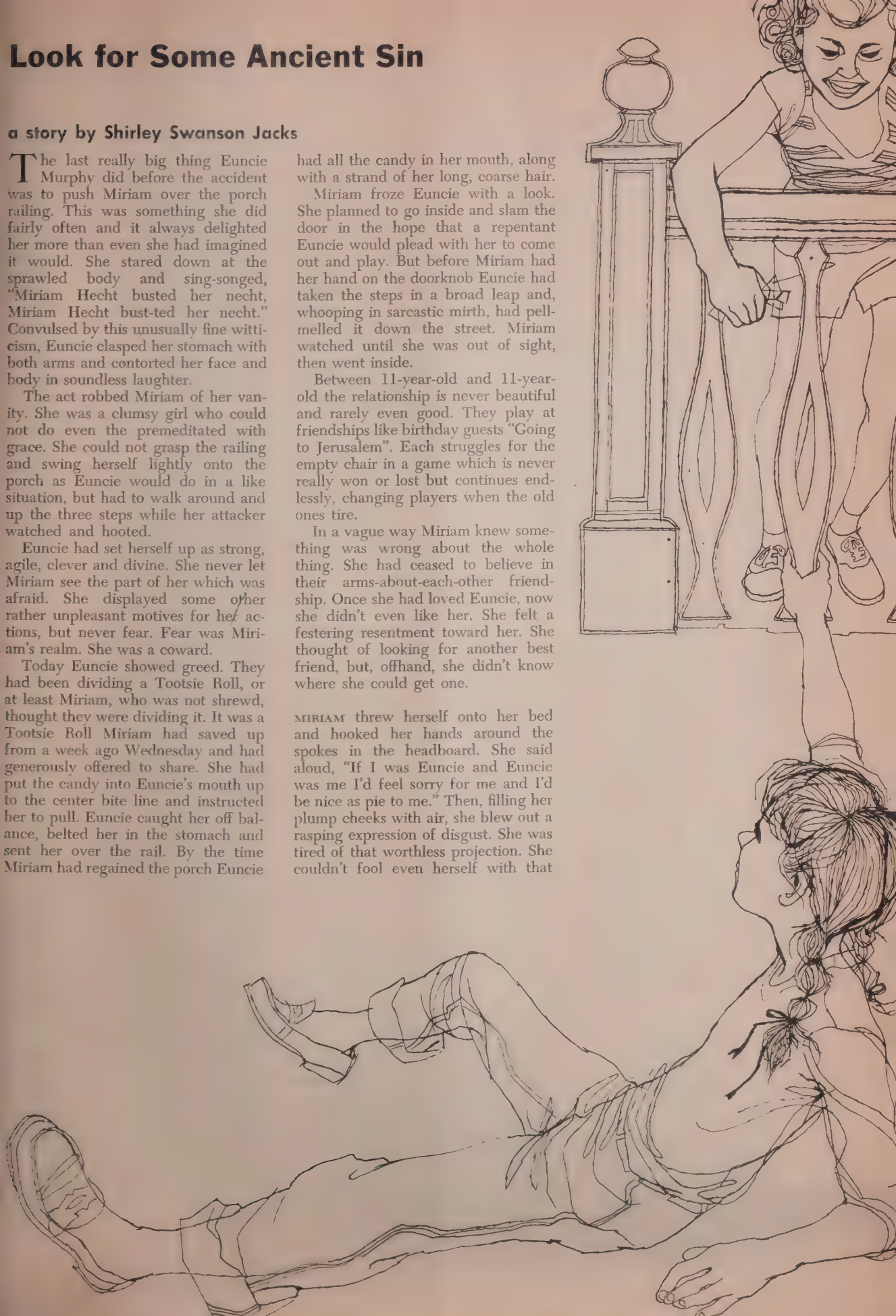
Today Euncie showed greed. They had been dividing a Tootsie Roll, or at least Miriam, who was not shrewd, thought they were dividing it. It was a Tootsie Roll Miriam had saved up from a week ago Wednesday and had generously offered to share. She had put the candy into Euncie's mouth up to the center bite line and instructed her to pull. Euncie caught her off balance, belted her in the stomach and sent her over the rail. By the time Miriam had regained the porch Euncie had all the candy in her mouth, along with a strand of her long, coarse hair.

Miriam froze Euncie with a look. She planned to go inside and slam the door in the hope that a repentant Euncie would plead with her to come out and play. But before Miriam had her hand on the doorknob Euncie had taken the steps in a broad leap and, whooping in sarcastic mirth, had pell-melled it down the street. Miriam watched until she was out of sight, then went inside.

Between 11-year-old and 11-year-old the relationship is never beautiful and rarely even good. They play at friendships like birthday guests "Going to Jerusalem". Each struggles for the empty chair in a game which is never really won or lost but continues endlessly, changing players when the old ones tire.

In a vague way Miriam knew something was wrong about the whole thing. She had ceased to believe in their arms-about-each-other friendship. Once she had loved Euncie, now she didn't even like her. She felt a festering resentment toward her. She thought of looking for another best friend, but, offhand, she didn't know where she could get one.

MIRIAM threw herself onto her bed and hooked her hands around the spokes in the headboard. She said aloud, "If I was Euncie and Euncie was me I'd feel sorry for me and I'd be nice as pie to me." Then, filling her plump cheeks with air, she blew out a rasping expression of disgust. She was tired of that worthless projection. She couldn't fool even herself with that



one. After all, the very reason she'd like to be Euncie was to have the chance to revel in secure superiority.

It would be nice if everyone could start out even so everyone would have a chance, Miriam thought. But Euncie had always had the edge, because of a group of irrefutable facts. First, there was heredity. One of Euncie's relatives had been orphaned in the Chicago fire, while still another had written two articles about Samoa for the *National Geographic*. Her own dumb relatives had done nothing but beget, climaxing their efforts with herself, the miserable distillation of a dull lot.

But even without the fascinating orphan and the author, Euncie had the lead. Her father made more money than Miriam's; they had a bigger house and Euncie had a bigger allowance, because there were no other children with whom to divide the spoils. Miriam had three brothers and sisters. But that was actually irrelevant, Miriam remembered with a stab of shame. What little she did have, Euncie always managed to take away from her anyway.

Then there was the way they looked. As babies they probably had looked pretty much alike. Neither had anything horrible to cope with, like crosseyes, nor did they have excessive beauty. They were both normal at the beginning. But here again, Euncie had cleverly escaped all the tragedies of adolescence and Miriam had been hit coming and going. She tended toward pudginess; her skin wasn't good; her teeth were crooked and she had cowlicks. She also had a butterfly birthmark on her right arm which she had thought was grand until Euncie denounced it as revolting. Miriam's mother assured her that time would take care of all this disaster, but while she waited Miriam prayed for Euncie to get pimply.

There were about a million other hard facts, Miriam told herself, each unimportant in itself, but when sum-totaled they left her painfully devoid of anything which she could hold over Euncie's head. Like, for instance, Euncie was a hundred per cent Irish, a great distinction over being eight or ten different things. Euncie was also a Catholic and Miriam knew it would be foolish to try to compare the tumble-down old Baptist church with the splendor of the cathedral or old Mr. Woodson with that dashing figure whom Euncie intimately referred to as Father Pat. Euncie took great liberties with people. She called the President of the whole US of A Frank and their grade school principal Artie, although not to their faces, of course.

There were other things, too. Miriam's family stood strong behind FDR and it was considered more urbane to be Republican. Euncie had even lived in another town by the name of Sauk Lake, or SL as Euncie called it, had travelled to Minneapolis (she had her own grip with gold embossed initials) and to Lincoln, Nebraska, and had attended, in all, three different schools. It was a smashing record to someone who had wasted her whole life.

Everyone knew Miriam was smarter in school than Euncie was, but this didn't count, because Euncie set the standards as to what was and what was not important. She had convinced Miriam she should be ashamed of a good report card and hooted if Miriam ever showed one to her.

Miriam held out a slender hope that she might cut Euncie down a little if she could walk off with the 6th grade oratoricals, which were next week. The oratoricals, a tradition at Wilson school, were one of the highest honors a pupil could win. For some reason, even Euncie revered the oratoricals. This was undoubtedly because a solid gold cup with the winner's name engraved on it went along with the prize. They had both worked hard on their speeches and Miriam knew she stood a better than 50-50 chance of beating out Euncie. This was the real important thing about the oratoricals for Miriam. The honor and the gold cup were mere incidentals.

In the background of her aching thoughts, Miriam heard the alarm of sirens, but she did not move from the bed. She was weary of wasting time on chimney fires which produced only a great deal of black smoke. She and Euncie admired the kind of fire (they had seen one once) where magnificent red flames licked up a whole house and someone got burned up trying to save a cat. She remained on her bed, letting her mind sullenly consider all the insults and humiliations Euncie had brought on her. At last she escaped into bored slumber and when she awakened the room was dusky and the telephone was ringing downstairs.

Miriam sat up and took a stick of gum out of her pocket. She slipped off the wrapper, being careful not to crease the foil. She chewed quickly to relieve the acrid taste that always came from sleeping in the daytime. Then she refolded the piece of foil and slipped it back into the paper to make it look like a fresh stick of gum. She went into ther brother's room and laid it on his night table. It was a tired old trick but he was only five and he always fell for it.

"Miriam," her mother called, and then louder, "Miriam, downstairs, please." The voice sounded ominous and Miriam wondered which of the terrible things she had done or thought had been discovered. She had the uneasy feeling that her mother could read her mind.

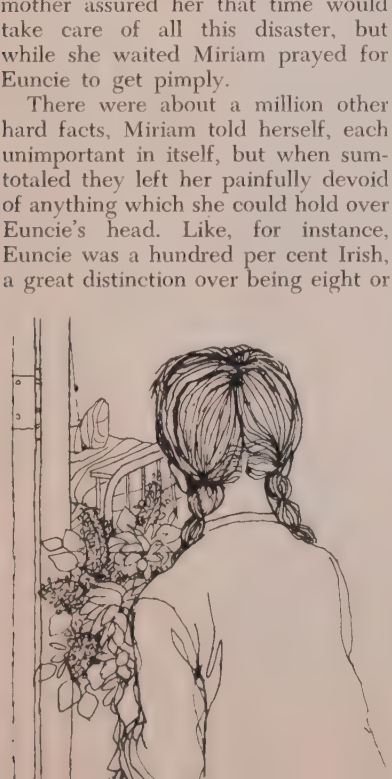
Mrs. Hecht stood at the bottom of the stairs and she reached out to clutch her daughter's arm. She looked frightened. "Miriam, Euncie's had a terrible accident. She got run over by a car and she's in the hospital." She paused and then her voice softened. "That poor child. Now what did that little mite ever do to harm anyone?"

Mrs. Hecht didn't believe in the accidental. She trusted that the bad were punished, the good rewarded. Whenever someone met with catastrophe she searched her mind for an ancient sin they might have committed. Not finding one, she went to pieces, gripped by the agonizing fear that the whole plan of God and the universe had gone awry.

Miriam, on the other hand, didn't understand about accidents except that they were exciting to read about in newspapers. It was unreal that anyone she knew (particularly the invulnerable Euncie) could have been struck by a car and be lying in a hospital. It was so unreal that it didn't touch her at all. She ignored the facts her mother had given, tried instead to answer her question. "Well, as a matter of fact only this very afternoon she pushed me over the porch railing and stole my Tootsie Roll. And before that, she . . ."

"Tootsie Roll?" Mrs. Hecht whispered hoarsely. She honestly believed Euncie feckless, above and beyond all adult considerations in a situation like this. "A Tootsie Roll. Miriam Hecht, I don't want to hear that repeated. The very idea that God would strike down a lovely little girl for a Tootsie Roll. Young lady, you march right up those stairs, kneel down and pray for Euncie's life and God's forgiveness."

Miriam went, but she neither knelt nor prayed. She was mad at Euncie Murphy all over again for getting herself in the limelight. She was sure it was all a fraud and she probably only stubbed her toe. If Euncie's name was in the newspaper, Miriam would surely die. She fixed her eyes on a cobweb on the ceiling and felt sorry for herself.



illustrated by Jean Berwick

Through the long evening she remained in her room, trying to blot out some evil thoughts she was having regarding truth and justice. She was afraid her mother's private Almighty might open up her head and peep inside.

Eventually her mother and father drove off in the car and she ventured to skulk about the upstairs. She went into her parents' room and stuck her head in the cedar chest and took a long sniff of the mothballs. She pretended to be committing suicide by gas. She choked and gasped and laughed aloud with satisfaction. "Now I am an angel," she said, thumping her narrow chest. She stuck one of her father's cigarettes in her mouth and stood in front of the full-length mirror, tap dancing and playing on an imaginary harp.

Then she crept to the bathroom and peered through the floor register into the kitchen. Her two brothers and her sister were seated around the enameled kitchen table eating peanut butter sandwiches and drinking grapeade. She roared a loud animal sound at them and they all sprang to their feet in united terror, first turning narrowed eyes toward the window and then looking upward.

"Go to your room, Miriam Hecht," Adele said, her mouth full. "We're supposed not to have anything to do with you. You were bad." Stanley aimed a mouthful of grapeade at the register. He could spit very far.

The sight of food made her hungry so she removed her shoes and stole into Wesley's room. She lifted the closet pole and removed four of the six doughnuts which hung there. Wesley liked stale doughnuts so he always made off with a pocketful of fresh-made ones and hung them in the closet to dry out. After she had eaten she undressed and got into bed. Before she drifted into easy sleep she wished idly that she had an orange so she could eat it and make false teeth out of the skin.

IN THE WEEK that followed Miriam didn't go to see Euncie. She imagined that it was because of her infamous remark about the Tootsie Roll that her mother didn't suggest a visit. She didn't even have the nerve to ask about Euncie, but waited for her mother's reports, which were ominous and tearful. To Miriam it was still a hoax and it was really pretty sickening because Euncie was building up a whole store of things to hold over her head. Her right leg was in traction, whatever in the world that was. Miriam waited for a time when she'd be home alone to sneak a look in the forbidden doctor book so she'd be prepared. Euncie would be so know-it-all. She would talk about it all right, not explaining, acting as though any dummy would know what "in traction" was. Her face was all bandaged, too, and she would have scars, most likely more interesting ones than the boil scars on Miriam's right knee.

There was one thing to be thankful for. The worst injuries were inside so she couldn't put those on display, although she would try. She had doctors and nurses fussing around her day and night, trying to preserve that precious bundle that was Euncie Murphy. She had flowers, little cards and more presents than Christmas. Mrs. Hecht had even sent a charm bracelet, (when Miriam didn't own one herself and had been told they cost too much) in Miriam's name. When it was all over, Miriam would have nothing to show for this dull week. She'd have to act indifferent, but she wouldn't fool Euncie. Euncie would know she was sick with envy.

On Wednesday, Miriam had a glimpse of the reality of the situation. The oratoricals were on Thursday and Euncie was still in the hospital. Timidly, Miriam asked her mother if Euncie would be in school on Thursday.

"Why, Miriam," said her mother, surprised. "What a thing to ask when the child doesn't even know her own mother."

Miriam pouted. "You don't have to know your own mother to be in the oratoricals. She would go and spoil it. The only fun's beating Euncie."

Mrs. Hecht shook her head. "Mark my words, young lady, it's no fun to win contests after you've said spiteful things like that."

Her mother was right. There was no joy in the triumph, although she won easily. Euncie had been the only real competition and with her out of the race Miriam was pitted against stumbling children who got stage fright, giggled and had to be prompted every two words. She won the real gold cup and when the teacher asked if she'd like to take it home first to show to her mother before it was sent out for engraving she said no. She hoped it would get lost at the engravers and she would never see it again. Euncie would probably steal it anyway and scratch out her name with a pin.

Suddenly she was nauseated with boredom. She had allied herself so closely with Euncie that she had no other friends. Everyone knew Euncie was in the hospital so if she tried to join the other kids' games some snot like Fritzie Tremaine or Jean Volmer was likely to remind her that if they weren't good enough for her when Euncie was around, they weren't good enough for her now.

She tried to think of something to do which would overshadow Euncie's accident. She couldn't take a trip to New Guinea for instance, which was something they were both dying to do. She spent some time wandering through the streets, hoping a Hollywood talent scout might come by and discover her, but one never did. She fooled around the drug store, thinking she might steal a bar of soap and be put in jail but she didn't have the nerve. Beyond these ideas she couldn't conceive of anything big enough to kill the grandeur, the overwhelming wonder of Euncie's hospital life.

So she stayed by herself, unable to think of a single thing she'd even like to do to kill time. She tried to play twohanded parcheesi but it wasn't any fun because she could anticipate what her opponent was going to do. She practiced swinging herself over the porch railing and broke one of the spokes. She had to tell a big lie, which no one believed, that an enormous dog had crashed through it. She even went to the library to return a book that was long overdue. She planned to get *The Count of Monte Cristo,* which would command all her attention, but the librarian discovered the place in the old book where she had dropped a wad of gum between two pages and had torn away half the story trying to get them apart. Her library card was revoked for six weeks. She tried to explain why she had to have the *Count* today and why it wouldn't help her in six weeks, but the librarian wouldn't listen.

She tried hard to believe that Euncie had put a hex on her and she'd have bad luck until Euncie decided to lift the hex, but this was unreal. When Euncie put a hex on you, you knew it. She did it in person. She always made slits of her eyes and an evil mouth and threw a glob of mud in your face to climax the hex. She couldn't blame Euncie for her misfortune and that, more than anything else, distressed her. She had gone over all of Euncie's past misdeeds until she was bored with them. She needed fresh insults to dwell upon.

On Euncie's part, Miriam knew this must all be a matter of spite. Euncie always had been able to hatch up torture routines without half trying. Euncie had planned this desertion weeks—years ago. And it was desertion. Although Euncie had been away only a few days it seemed as long as from Christmas to Christmas.

"Just supposing Euncie plans never to come back, just supposing that," Miriam asked herself one morning. The sunlight of the back yard was burning and oppressive. White whirligigs and dots crisscrossed in front of

Miriam's eyes. She felt an anguish which she hoped would develop into a serious illness. She went over to the shade of the garage, sat down on the painted rock and leaned against the wall. She searched her mind until her head ached, but she could not call up a picture of her friend. She had forgotten what Euncie looked like. She could see her long brown hair, the outline of her form, a dress she might wear, but the vision had no face.

At first she was frightened, then angered. After all, a person had control over his own image and Euncie had deliberately turned off her image. She might plan to do this for years—for keeps, even. Miriam paused to consider the effrontery involved. What if Euncie planned to die and her own life should go on like this forever and forever?

Miriam pressed her lips together in anger. That would really frost her, if Euncie died. They had agreed to live to be 28 years old and absolutely beautiful. Then, too old to be good for anything else, they would both die romantically, leaving behind them bruised young men who now would never marry. It would be just like Euncie to die prematurely and upset the whole old apple cart.

Miriam hurried around behind the garage and dug up the cigar box she and Euncie had buried there a few weeks ago. It was in a shallow hole and showed fresh digging where Euncie had had it out of the ground only a couple of days before the accident.

The cigar box contained their wills. They had written them together, beginning with the formality of judging themselves sound of mind, body, spirit and soul, and going on to leave all their worldly goods—clothes, dolls, movie star scrapbooks—each to the other. Miriam had tossed in her detective set (the fingerprinting powder was all gone, anyway) and her Melvin Purvis Junior G-man's badge, Girl's Division. During a recent bitter row, Euncie had dug up the box and made pencilled notations.

Miriam examined the papers. Her own will was intact except that Euncie had inserted a word to make it read, "I, half-with Miriam Elizabeth Hecht, etc. . . ." In Euncie's will the line, "To my dearest bosom friend, Miriam Elizabeth Hecht, I bequeath all my worldly goods" had been altered. Now it said, "To the children's home I bequeath, etc. . . ." Miriam tore up both wills, put the scraps back into the box and reburied it.

"Euncie Murphy is just the kind of meanie who would cut somebody off without a nickel," she said aloud. "She probably knew she was going to have the accident. She probably planned it."

Miriam ran across the yard and into the house. She made a great deal of angry noise as she searched for her mother. "I want to go see Euncie," Miriam said.

"Well, I'm glad you're finally showing a little interest in your friend. I imagine you'll appreciate her just a little bit more now that . . ." Mrs. Hecht interrupted herself and smiled. "Euncie can have visitors now. As a matter of fact, she asked for you just this morning." Mrs. Hecht went quickly to her flower garden and snipped a big bouquet of mums and dahlias. She wrapped the stems in a wet dish towel and put the bouquet in Miriam's hand.

MIRIAM HAD NEVER BEEN in a hospital before. It was so quiet it was scary. She tiptoed along the hall slowly, going up close to each door and inspecting it for the number she had been given. Halfway down the hall a door stood open and there was an empty bed, all freshly made up. She considered going in, getting into the bed and pretending she was sick, but instinctively she knew she couldn't carry it off.

When she found Euncie's room she stood hesitantly to one side. It seemed there were dozens of white-clad men and women flipping in and out of the swinging door. She waited until a nurse stopped and inquired "To see Euncie Murphy? Come in, little girl."

Euncie was lying in a very high bed, one leg stuck up in the air in a pulley-like contraption. Miriam was happy to see that only half of her face was bandaged so the scars mightn't be too fascinating. A tuft of hair stuck up above the bandages. At least Euncie couldn't claim they had shaved her head like she and Miriam had read happened to Elsie Dinsmore when she got typhoid. Miriam set her face in a rigid mask and promised herself she would remain indifferent and indestructible.

"Are those for me?" Euncie asked, nodding her white head at the flowers. The bandages isolated her mouth and it seemed to work independent of her face.

"Yeah, here," Miriam said, handing over the bouquet.

"Did you bring anything else?"

"I sent you that charm bracelet."

"I broke it," Euncie said wearily. "Do you have anything else on you?"

Miriam reached into the pocket of her sweater. "I have a nickel."

Euncie's hand swooped from under the covers and took the coin. "Thanks," she said and then leaned back.

"That's my nickel," Miriam protested. "I didn't give it to . . ."

Euncie interrupted, her eyes slyer than ever through the holes in the bandage. "You don't want me to die, do you?"

There was a brief silence, then Miriam crowed suddenly, "I won the oratoricals."

"I heard."

"Yeah, and the gold cup. How did you know?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out." Euncie turned her head and looked out the window, the old nasty smile flickering across the stranded mouth.

"Well," Euncie said, "you only won because I wasn't in. If I'd been in, I would have won."

"That's a dirty lie, Euncie Murphy," Miriam said loudly, but she realized she was on the defensive. "I won fair and square. I would have beat you, too."

"Oh?" Euncie asked. "That's what you think." She reached into the drawer of her nightstand and pulled out a gold cup, identical to the one Miriam had been given. She handed it across so Miriam could read the engraving. It read: Honorary award, Euncie Murphy.

"Miss Pinser said she knew I could have won so they gave me a cup anyway. By the way, this is the original cup. Yours is a copy they had made up at the last minute." Having finished her statement, Euncie sank back into the pillows. With authority she reached up an experienced hand and pushed the nurses' call button.

Her call was immediately answered and Euncie greeted the nurse with sickening familiarity. "Angelina, I'm very tired. Roll my bed down."

The nurse turned a big crank on the side of the bed and as she did so she looked at Miriam. "Our little visitor will have to leave now, but she may come back to see her little friend tomorrow."

Euncie did not look at her, but said in a voice filled with pain and weariness, "See ya, Miriam."

Miriam was in the street again, shut out from the big white building where wonderful things were happening. She knew now it had been useless to even consider New Guinea or Hollywood or jail. They would have made no dent in the marvelousness of the hospital.

But she went along home, chanting to herself as she played "Step on a crack, break your mother's back, step on a line, break your mother's spine." She smiled and waved at a passing motorist whom she did not know. It was a beautiful day, fit for rabbits and woodchucks and little green birds. Euncie was real again and when you came right down to it, nothing else mattered. ■

"As any chump knows, Renaissance means the upper middle classes," said the Northwestern football player.

our timid college students

by Richard and Joan Brace

On campuses ranging from Maine to California we have been observing the American undergraduate student for 15 years. From where we sit, and our observation is perhaps more objective as a result of four long visits to Europe during that time, the majority of today's undergraduates seem a pale and homogeneous lot, largely uninterested in bold or creative thinking. In fact, they are curiously apathetic toward thinking at all, preferring to have a mixture of fact and idea pounded and sieved, seasoned to their taste, and then fed to them in an easily digestible form vaguely reminiscent of packaged baby food. Spoonfed, too, by a father-professor figure.

Being products of mid-century America, which is in the throes of "Conservatism Revisited," it is not surprising that most of them bring from home a conventional pattern of thought. What is frightening is that they seem to bring also intellectual processes still wrapped in cotton batting—thick, muffling—and protective. Try to get an idea in, or, worse yet, try to get one out!

Now all these impressions are, of course, over-simplified and rather generalized and, it may be, induced by pure nostalgia for the good old days of our own undergraduate life—those hectic days at the end of the thirties. It may be that our generation, even without benefit of TV and the *Syntopicon*, conformed as closely to the national climate of opinion as the present one does, but it was saved from dullness by the cheerful fact that it did not, at least, conform to conformity. It had no real or imagined sense of security, nothing to lose. Somehow surviving a terrible depression, it had gained a vital interest in social reform both at home and in the world at large. It experienced the growing pains of crusading liberalism. As the danger of fascism and Nazism mushroomed in Europe, it became fanatically attached to the ideal of civil liberty. And it rarely confused the *status quo* with a permanent state of grace.

As a college generation it was vital, pushy, excited by world affairs, eager to examine the old truths and guess at new ones, internationally-minded in the plastic arts, music and literature, slightly drunk with the idea that we lived in the *whole* world. If perhaps we only wished we had fought in the Spanish Civil War, at least we drank cocktails to Franco's speedy undoing. Apparently it was not enough. We were generally obstreperous in face of parental authority and thumbed our nose at deans of men and women. We might have picketed unfair employment practices, or, on the other hand, broken strikes, but

we wouldn't have thought of a panty raid.

Or are we remembering too well what we want to remember? All those bull sessions over beer, those Intellectual Discussions over bad coffee in the local co-op. These things haven't changed. Or sex, or football, or fraternities, or the earlier equivalent of the B.M.O.C. (Big Man On Campus). Then as now there were people who studied hard, and people who played the angles, and people who slid by, and the poor dogs who flunked out. But to go to college in those days was not such an easy thing. In fact it was a bit of a privilege. Daddy had less money, and the percentage of working students was high.

Maybe the greatest difference, and one only subtly felt, was that in those days we were just beginning to break the atom in the cyclotron at Berkeley. Man did not have stockpiles of atomic power with which to destroy himself and all he had created or thought or built since the beginnings. The problems facing the student of the late thirties were gigantic, but not one of them—poverty, depression, global war, the shocking return to barbarism on the part of our German contemporaries—threatened him totally. He was in the midst of familiar terrors. His counterpart today faces the unknown.

The young man entering college today at the age of 17, only knows the war—the great adventure of our generation—by hearsay. He knows even less of the depression. In fact, he doesn't always believe there was one. He grew up in victorious America which turned its full war-time production into a plentiful peacetime economy and grew richer and richer. He shares

in a fabulous economy overflowing into foreign aid and the $64,000 giveaway at home. By and large, his parents have never had it so good and they fear any dislocation whatever in the present state of things. The Republican administration is the symbol of their economic security and of the wisdom of Big Business. Their fear is indicated in the stock market's sag whenever Ike's illnesses have been crucial.

It would occur to them only reluctantly that a large measure of America's prosperity stems not from their times, but from the nation's gains as a result of the social reforms of the thirties and forties and the great strength America acquired during the successful prosecution of World War II. If the parents do not consider these things, it is idle to expect their children to know them.

Perhaps this kind of thinking is not as true for other parts of the country as it is for the Chicago area, but for the last eight years we have lived well within the empire of the *Tribune*. This empire appears to us well-organized and highly successful in molding public opinion, and if less than totally popular in the gown side of Town and Gown, it has enormous prestige outside of Academia.

Therefore local students coming to Northwestern find its main themes as familiar to them as Dick Tracy. They don't precisely believe them. They've inhaled or imbided them unthinkingly to the exclusion of any other point of view. It is only when a mind maintaining unfamiliar views confronts them that they turn these unconscious thoughts into an articulate belief.

None of these young people can be blamed for finding the idea of a loyalty oath as natural to them as the concept of academic freedom. They can't help wiggling and wondering if professor is "pinko" while he is expounding a purely historical development of the ideas of Karl Marx and the beginnings of you know what.

They can't be blamed for thinking in terms of cutting excess profit taxes rather than of extending civil liberties. They only reflect the climate of opinion in which they have been raised. How can they objectively consider the world view and the possibility of co-existence if they are convinced that there is nothing of value but the American—their particular American—point of view. It is as though the achievement of a high standard of living is the penultimate goal of man, and they have already arrived. Why think? What is left to create? Why trouble even to understand what the few creators are about?

It is at this point that the university gets Jane and Joe. And it is a challenge as well as a sometimes discouraging privilege to be a part of an institution dedicated to taking the blinders off. And the earplugs out. The ones the students stuff in at the first harrowing suspicion that everything is not perfect in this best of all possible worlds.

Because most of them, at least those admitted to Northwestern university, are of recognizably high intelligence and have come from good or adequate high schools, they do eventually begin thinking. When they do they are overwhelmed by the tumult of their thoughts. Although the college man can anticipate his fine, fat job somewhere at the end of the purple and white rainbow, he does have to face the delaying action of military service, and if he is not absolutely numb he must realize the implications of this fact.

Then more truths seep in, among them the uneasy and heavily resisted notion that this ball of a life, this campus full of Oldsmobile convertibles and May and Navy and Harvest Queens, of twenty-one parties a weekend, of subsidized athletics, of Greek letter housing—this ball of a life which is costing Daddy as much as $3,000 a year may not be the one best to prepare the young man for life in the Atomic Age. If he goes abroad for a summer or a school year he may be disquietingly reminded that the prestige of America in the world at large is very low, and start wondering why. If he begins talking to young men and women in other countries he might find them speaking verily another language, concerned with thoughts and problems quite alien and remote from his cotton-batting world, his beer-bottled nursery full of pretty playmates wearing size 36. If he reacts well, he will begin to wonder about man's marvelous advancements in the physical sciences and technology and realize that if there is to be hope of a future at all he must be one of those who tries to close the gap between man's technical genius and his moral and spiritual lag.

If he is the ordinary guy he might find this squeeze play of great conflicting notions too painful to contemplate. He may be unable to reconcile the conviction, as old as himself, that he lives in a perfect and prosperous and well-governed society with the fact that not only America, but the civilization of the West and all the world is in great jeopardy, that the menace from without is no more dangerous than the apathy and smugness and conformity within. Then he might just turn into the sacred bunny he has been sometimes called, believing that his best chance for survival is to sit immobile, that somehow this way he will escape notice.

THIS IS THE BLACK SIDE of the picture. There is a brighter one. Our country has continuous faith in education. In the United States today more people are attending colleges and universities —though this is not necessarily the same thing as being educated—than anywhere in any time in history. The tremendous increase in enrollment is nothing less than a vast social experiment. We have literally thrown open the doors of higher learning to almost all high school graduates. At this moment few young people who wish to attend college are unable to gain admittance to some school. Obviously more will attend Podunk than schools of the Ivy League or Chicago or Northwestern.

Accommodating, never mind "educating," three million American undergraduates a year, is a large order. Recruiting good teachers in a time when college teachers' salaries are distressingly low in comparison to those in other fields is another. Out of this experiment in higher education for the masses come finished products of all qualities.

Our own prophets of doom tell us that standards are declining, that the illiterate college man is now commonplace. As we have mentioned, European visitors or Europeans who see our undergraduates during the summer are shocked to find that some of these young people have been to the university. Such friendly critics usually cannot understand the educational fact of life that one out of 50 Americans in the population at large attend a college or university, whereas in a country like France (and this is a fairly general situation in Western Europe as a whole), perhaps one in 400 see the inside of a university. In Europe there is also an earlier screening process where one in 10 elementary graduates gain entrance to the *lycée* or *collège*.

If these critics were obliged to compare the work of our top products with what in their system more closely approximates all the university-trained men and women, they would be in a fairer position to judge, and one suspects they would not find that the best American students suffer by comparison, are either unintelligent or uncultured. One recent French-sponsored statement recognizes this situation and the continued force of the classic-literary tradition in that land when it notes that in 1950 the United States "trained 360 scientific students per 100,000 inhabitants," while "the French trained only 62." This same

account adds: "Education for the masses, such as America first tried to develop, cannot follow passively the tradition which embodies the needs of a different society. It must be democratized." It is no coincidence that French authorities are anxious to have American Fulbright scholars furnish information through questionnaires on the American and French educational programs so that these reactions may be taken into consideration in the current discussion of educational reform in that country, where for so long the university graduate closely approximated the intellectual elite.

In the United States the conviction holds that attendance in a university cannot hurt a run-of-the-mill mind or an inadequately prepared one. This article of faith, from the teacher's side of the desk, raises troublesome problems. It probably does not hurt the mediocre or the poorly prepared student to go to college, but it is an expensive business for the various institutions, public or private, to subsidize his education. Possibly, too, it reduces the opportunities of the gifted minority in the classroom or laboratory. When one discusses a subject with a class of 350 students, where there may be a hard core of 25 per cent which is eager, inquiring, intuitive, and creative; where a great middle group of 65 per cent is passively interested, and where 10 per cent of the students are not in the class for any reason connected with the brain cells, one must make a target choice. The arrows of learning and judgment may be aimed at the eager ones or at the passive middle. It is not easy for one man to aim at two targets simultaneously, and rebellion on the part of the 10 per cent who could never be brainwashed is better avoided. Skillful teaching is an art, a science and an endurance contest.

There are several striking advantages attached to the American view that college doors should be wide open. The opportunities for learning and thinking are available without too great a reference to economic status or social standing. The *people*, with all their strengths and weaknesses, are in the universities. The university becomes more of a social microcosm. The student has a chance to find his level.

Because a young man is not top flight in grade or high school is no proof that he won't be in the university and after. Some young people have a way of finding themselves as they mature in knowledge and devotion. In countries where restrictive screening processes exist, what becomes of those who fail to gain entrance? Some go through life carrying this mark of failure—it is scarcely real failure. Some have talents which are never discovered. Is the judgment of the screen unerring? By its nature a screen has holes.

FROM WHERE WE SIT there have been noticeable changes in the undergraduate since the end of World War II. During the first years of peace the G.I. came to the campus, carrying in his notebook maturity, experience, purpose, conviction and interest in large questions. Many of these men had grown up fast; some had seen a lot more of life than the professor ever would. There were wives and children in the trailer camps or the huts. These men showed less interest in fraternity life; they had already joined a larger group. They sought to get ready for the job at hand and they were in a hurry. But they always found time to question, to force you to the wall in defense of your opinion. It does not seem fair to the generation of undergraduates which followed to say that teaching was an anticlimax after the G.I. left the campus, but it was.

We knew one G.I. who, largely because of experiences as a bomber pilot and through the influence of Air Force chaplains, studied for the ministry. His early tour of duty as a pastor failed to fulfill his expectations. He returned to the campus with his family, wrote an excellent monograph in American history, and started teaching in a university. Still unfulfilled, he turned to politics and is a candidate for the House of Representatives in the current campaign. If he goes to Washington next year, his district will be represented by a man.

Things changed on the campus by the time Korea was at hand. There were fewer men and women and more boys and girls. Big time football returned; fraternity and sorority life played an increasingly larger role. As prosperity grew, long automobiles in ice cream sundae colors filled the streets and overflowed the campus parking lots. The wardrobes of women students became more impressive and everyone on campus, except the professors whose real wage had steadily declined and the graduate student who traditionally operates on a shoestring, had money to throw around. The Soviets had the atom and the cold war showed signs of warming. Meanwhile the American right wing planted and cultivated the fear of anything un-American.

These extra-curricular developments were matched by classroom phenomena. One stout lad angrily took the professor to task for using a foreign phrase in a lecture. *"Quid pro quo"* was not American and in the United States "better stick to American." Educational technicians toyed with the idea of further decreasing the study of foreign languages at precisely the time the citizenry was being told it must recognize world responsibilities. The trick would be to lead the non-English speaking world without being able to communicate with it. The boy in the commerce school wanted a three-day class schedule. He had heard that a good game of golf helped one become a junior executive, and he wanted to work up his game on Tuesday and Thursday. The young lady urged to read a little more could answer, "After all, I am in school largely for social purposes. Every girl wants to get married." And to one of those junior executives, too.

All footballers did not prove to be lazy, stupid, or both. We saw a first-class marine fresh from Korea develop into a superb running guard without losing his thirst for knowledge. He once said, "You know, professor, I came to college to find the answers but

illustrated by Joan Brace

I'm getting increasingly confused. I've learned the main points of the Santa Fe trail, all the water holes, but what I want to know is, what is the true significance of the American frontier?" This same athlete-scholar once confessed, "I have a hard time carrying on an intelligent conversation with my 'colleagues' over at the stadium."

His knowledge did come in handy and he was willing to use it to enlighten one of his "colleagues" at the stadium who, having dated an attractive North Shore girl whose Daddy gave her a Cadillac, decided he wanted to become a member of the "Renaissance."

"What do you mean by Renaissance? Do you know what that word means?" asked our scholar-athlete.

"Sure, sure I know what it means," said his offended friend. "I betcha five bucks I know what it means. Think you're the only guy gettin' educated around here?"

"I won't take your money, but go ahead, tell me what it means."

"Well, as any chump knows, Renaissance means the upper middle classes."

This story reminded us of an experience twenty years earlier on a West Coast campus where an All-American halfback identified "Bloody Sunday" as an "opera written by an Hungarian composer who also give us 'Gloomy Sunday.'"

Not all the men on the campus today wear a football uniform or a gray flannel suit, and not all the women students enjoy the anti-intellectual atmosphere. One girl, whose questioning mind and high performance were several notches above the general run, complained that in her residence hall she couldn't find anyone with whom she could discuss more than dates and clothes. She finally dated a graduate student, a representative of the most hard-working and serious minded campus group.

Today the campus directly reflects our enormous wealth and productive power in the age of "fall-out." While the majority of the students come for a mental massage, the time of their lives, and the prestige of a diploma, there are always the good students, the bright ones with vision who are challenged by the unlimited opportunities and inherent risks of the Atomic Age. Like their predecessors in the 13th and 18th centuries, periods which followed great creative efforts, a few sensitive members grope for a synthesis of man's spiritual achievements with man's conquest over nature. Now that all mankind's eggs have been placed in one basket they face a challenge whose solution is more remote and infinitely more complex than that of any previous generation of students. ■

As we were

75 YEARS AGO. The White Stockings won the National league pennant by nine games in October, 1881, but incurred criticism for playing at Troy, New York, on a day when all entertainment was supposed to be suspended throughout the country in tribute to the assassinated President Garfield . . . Jackson park was so named by the South Park commissioners despite the *Tribune's* outspoken opposition to thus honoring Old Hickory . . . King Kalakaua of the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands made his second local visit, and care was taken not to repeat an untoward incident that had occurred when he came here in 1874. Then Mayor Harvey Colvin had introduced him as "king of the Cannibal Islands."

50 YEARS AGO. The Russian ambassador, Baron Rosen, came to town in October, 1906, and was introduced to American football at the Chicago-Purdue game by his official host, Corporation Counsel James Hamilton Lewis . . . Mounted policemen began patrolling traffic in the Loop . . . Sir Thomas Lipton, the renowned British yachtsman, visited here amid rumors that he would marry some local girl . . . Mrs. Charles Deneen gave birth to a daughter, the first child ever born in the Governor's Mansion in Springfield . . . Mayor Edward F. Dunne asked the grand jury to indict the *Tribune* for criminal libel after the paper had accused him of appointing "freaks, cranks, monomaniacs and boodlers" to the Board of Education.

25 YEARS AGO. A national movement to secure Croation independence from Yugoslavia was started at a meeting on the Southwest Side in October, 1931 . . . Northwestern and Notre Dame played to a scoreless tie before a crowd of 70,000 on muddy Soldier field, whereupon Mayor Anton Cermak tried to organize a rematch to raise relief funds . . . The 785-foot-long Navy dirigible Akron, largest airship in the world, flew up and down the lakefront while on a training cruise . . . Al Capone was convicted of income tax fraud in Federal court and sentenced to eleven years in prison . . . Sarah V. Brown, 58, said to be the richest woman in Evanston, married Harry Wils, a 29-year-old former Notre Dame football player.

by John Madigan

the diplomat from the speaker's table

A Loop banker and expert toastmaster has become the State Department's chief international economist.

It was appropriate that Herbert V. Prochnow (rhymes with sock-no) assumed his State department duties in Washington on Halloween last year. For Prochnow, now a vice-president on leave from Chicago's First National bank, is a man who wears many hats. Even to the blase nation's capital, his versatility is somewhat frightening.

A top expert in economic affairs, he is the author of such weighty works as *Term Loans and Theories of Bank Liquidity*. A former president of the board of trustees of the First Presbyterian church of Evanston, he has written *Meditations on the Ten Commandments* and *Meditations on the Beatitudes*. A soft-spoken, pixieish sort of man, he is a leading authority on public speaking, has entertained hundreds of thousands of readers with such books as *The Toastmaster's Handbook*, and is an incurable epigrammatist whose contributions appear in such slick magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Reader's Digest*.

As deputy under secretary for economic affairs, the State department's top economic post, Prochnow is properly forbidding while he manages foreign aid, trade, tariff negotiations and overseas investments. After he sat in the White House with President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Anthony Eden, he said, "It didn't feel any different than a top-level meeting at the First National. It was hard for me to realize I was conferring with the leaders of the world's two greatest governments. If anything, the sessions were more informal than those back at the bank."

But Prochnow knows when to shed his sober mien, when to give even a serious occasion the toastmaster touch at which he is so adept. Secretary Dulles and other top foreign affairs officials were treated to just such a switch shortly after Prochnow came to Washington. The Secretary escorted Prochnow to the Ambassadorial lounge for the official presentation of Prochnow's commission of office. Dulles made a brief, formal speech.

Prochnow, who already had some six weeks of duty behind him, began his reply: "Thank you, Mr. Secretary. I appreciate your generous comments. But I'm not at all sure I'm adequate to the responsibilities involved. You see, since coming to State I'm not sure I know the English language. I used to think the word 'brief' meant something of short duration. But considering the length of the State Department 'briefings' I have attended, the word must mean just the opposite.

"Also, I find that everything around here seems to be 'substantive': and that nothing one ever does is a job. It is an 'exercise.'

"But the worst has been that I've had to brush up on my Latin to stay apace, for such terms as 'ad hoc' and 'quid pro quo' are pretty standard fare."

Dulles and the others broke into laughter. "You're catching on fast," said the secretary.

And he was. A man of active and agile mind, the Chicago banker moved swiftly and surely in one of the most delicate and far-reaching fields of governmental affairs. Prochnow, himself, classified his work in these three major areas: (1) the financial problems of other countries, (2) international trade and resources, (3) international transport and com-

State Department Photo

Prochnow, right, exchanges grins with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles after receiving his Presidential commission as deputy under secretary of state last November.

Heritage

Time was I laughed to scorn
that which I did inherit;
in vain the lake deployed its silver
only mountains had merit.
The lone levels of fawn-colored grass,
where shadows of clouds held revel
were nothing to me. I hated
all that was low and level.
I wanted only the heights,
blue iris—apex of bliss,—
to coast down gentian slopes,
tightrope of the Abyss.
Now that I have seen the Andes,
the Sierras and the Ardêche
and stood on mountain peaks
my heart leaps toward the fresh
plains of bounding water.
Glassed in a foreign lake
I knew myself for Illinois' daughter.
When on Pyrenees' highest and most fair
I thought of my young and solitary age;
I saw waves breaking—the lake everywhere
and a gull turning one snowy page.

—Margarita Dulac

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munications. Spelled out in greater detail:

—He advises the secretary of state and other department officers on economic matters relating to U.S. foreign policy.

—He has a hand in policy-making in such vital fields as East-West trade and disposal abroad of American farm surpluses.

—He represents the State department on numerous inter-agency committees dealing with foreign economic questions.

—He coordinates the thinking of all these agencies in the determination of U.S. policy on aid, tariffs, trade and agreements.

—He is a frequent participant in international meetings.

—He heads a Washington staff of more than 200 engaged in the economic aspects of foreign relations, and influences the working policies of our economic missions in embassies around the world.

THE WASHINGTON STAFF has often seen Prochnow, the government official, borrow an epigram or anecdote from Prochnow, the toastmaster, to make a point. Once when he felt his audience slipping away, the banker said he was reminded of the time when he was teaching school in Wisconsin and a girl student, having dropped her camera in the swimming pool, asked him to retrieve it.

"I was glad to oblige," Prochnow told his audience, "but after I had dived in and fished out the camera I asked the young lady why she had chosen me for the job when there were younger men around."

The girl, as the government official told it, hesitated a moment, then said: "Well, you probably don't remember me, but I was in one of your economics classes. And you have the reputation of being able to go down deeper, stay down longer and come up dryer than anyone I've ever seen or heard."

The story helped to win back the strays, and the banker quickly returned to his subject and brought it to an incisive conclusion. This ability to mesh his knack as a story-teller into his work as an international economist is not new. The First National's Bill Korsvik, who was Prochnow's assistant for many years, reports that "more quips and epigrams issue from the banker in a day than most individuals produce in a year." Miss Mabel Karydakis, a government employe in Washington since 1940 and now Prochnow's secretary, gives the same evidence. The view isn't universally held, however. Particularly by those who don't come in close contact. People who see him only distantly or briefly in his large, walnut-stained office consider him an implacable sobersides. They find it difficult to believe that he is a professional quipmaster who has proved his talent by turning his efforts into money.

Prochnow's way with a word began while he was attending Wisconsin State college at La Crosse before World War I. As a door-to-door salesman during summer vacations he sold furniture polish and pianos. During school terms he was on the debating team. He was a star at both pursuits, and decided early that public speaking is an asset to any career.

As a school teacher, school principal and in the banking profession he was in demand as a speaker and toastmaster. He gave no slap-dash treatment to any speaking engagement. He adopted the procedure, still followed today, of writing every word of every speech in longhand, including the quips, and then practicing aloud. Such a painstaking approach led him into searches for jokes, anecdotes and epigrams. The next step was almost inevitable: contributions to slick magazines and publication of such books as *The Toastmaster's Handbook, The Speaker's Treasury of Stories for all Occasions, The Successful Speaker's Handbook, 1,001 Ways to Improve Your Conversation and Speeches, The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest,* and *The Toastmaster's and Speaker's Handbook*—the last of these selling at drugstores in a paperback edition.

Prochnow gets about ten dollars each for epigrams sold to magazines. (Typical Prochnowism in *The Saturday Evening Post:* "The person who is always punctual leads a lonely life.") He has sold hundreds of them and, until he came to Washington, all appeared over his own name. Now he uses a pen name to preclude any chance of upsetting the dignity of the State department. Prochnow may get the epigrammatic urge at any moment. Once he was late for a dinner appointment. He apologized by explaining he had been turning out "$40 worth of epigrams."

The Chicagoan's busy Washington schedule gives him little time for epigram creation. Because he refuses to abandon his rule of preparing in the greatest detail for all public appearances, the hectic pace has caused him to decline numerous speaking engagements. He has given only five speeches, almost identical, all on international economic problems.

Prochnow finds the crush of time vexing. He says: "Not even at lunch does a person have time to think. Nine times out of ten you are eating with a business appointment." On the all too infrequent tenth time, Prochnow ducks from his office and walks slowly and alone to dine at a downtown hotel. His evenings, too, are many times filled with official-social affairs.

When they are not, he and his wife, Laura, enjoy dining quietly in their small but fashionable apartment, or in one of the capital's less bustling restaurants. (Their son, Herbert Victor Jr., 25, is attending Harvard Law School.)

On a recent day this was Prochnow's schedule:

8:30 a.m. Arrived at his office. (He drives his own car, except on the days when Mrs. Prochnow wants it.) Checked his desk and some morning mail, and cleared up matters needing his immediate attention.

9:00 a.m. Met with his deputy, Thorsten V. Kalijarvi, and his special assistant, Hamlin Robinson.

9:15 a.m. Went to Secretary Dulles' office for daily staff meeting.

10:15 a.m. Returned to his desk work.

11:00 a.m. Met with Under Secretary of Commerce Louis Rothschild.

11:45 a.m. Met with James C. McDevitt, director of the economic division's executive staff.

12:00 noon. Attended the swearing in of four career ambassadors.

12:15. Met with Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson and other Far Eastern experts.

12:45. Attended a department luncheon.

2:30. Met with Australian Ambassador Sir Percy Spender.

2:50. Interviewed a man being considered for a position in the department.

3:00. Held one of three weekly "Problems Meetings."

4:00. Was interviewed by correspondent doing a Prochnow article for CHICAGO.

4:45. Met with members of the Tariff Commission and experts from the Department of Agriculture.

5:30. Dug into a load of desk work.

6:15. Rushed home half an hour early, changed into black tie to attend a dinner observing the 14th anniversary of the fall of Bataan.

10:00. Arrived home, did some reading, some writing, went to bed.

The man who carries this workload is a sturdily-built fellow with a large head, prominent features, glasses and thinning hair. He has a quiet manner, and studious appearance, speaks softly, and has a pleasant, easy smile. He takes an occasional drink of wine, doesn't smoke, eats practically anything, and has no hobbies other than writing. When he is at his home at 1950 Harrison, Evanston (he's there only once a month now), he enjoys puttering around the yard. That is the extent of any violent exercise. His athletic days ended with some football and basketball in college, with the exception of a brief coaching stint while he was principal of the high school in Kendall, Wis.

Prochnow was born May 19, 1897, in Wilton, Wis., of German stock. (His father, 90, and mother, 82, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary recently with an open house. "Nearly everyone in town attended," the Milwaukee Journal reported, "because the Prochnows have been a great influence on the Monroe county community.) The only boy in a family of four children, he helped around his father's furniture store in his teens, before attending Wisconsin State college.

Graduated in 1917, Prochnow was offered the one-man teaching post at little Oil City, Wis. "The pay was to have been $40 a month for the first two months of a six-month term and $45 for the remaining four months," the banker recalls. "There was only one catch; I had to do my own janitor work." He was about to accept when he was tendered a better offer, principal of the high school at Kendall. The salary: "A flat $50 a month, with no strings attached," laughs Prochnow.

The United States was now at war. Young Prochnow volunteered, but was turned down because of weak eyesight. He wrote to President Wilson, pleading to serve. Presidential Secretary Joseph Tumulty wrote back, told the would-be soldier it would be arranged for him to get in the medical corps. Within a month he was in France, attached to a hospital train. He stayed there 14 months.

After the war, Prochnow received a B.A. degree in commerce in 1921 and an M.A. degree in 1922, both at the University of Wisconsin. (He received a Ph.D. degree from Northwestern university in 1947, an LL.D. from Ripon College in 1950, and an honorary Litt.D. from Millikin university in 1952.) It was while he was an assistant professor of business administration at the University of Indiana in 1922-23 that some of Prochnow's writings in economic journals attracted the attention of Craig Hazelwood of the Union Trust Company of Chicago. He was hired, but delayed the starting-time two weeks to complete his commitment at the university.

Prochnow served as purchasing agent and advertising manager from 1923 until the merger of the bank with the First National in 1929. From 1929 to 1955, when he joined the government, he was successively assistant cashier, assistant vice-president and vice-president. In addition to being an active member of many banking and economic organizations, he has been vice-president and a director of the Chicago Association of Com-

Prochnowisms

Apart from Winston Churchill and Adlai Stevenson, Prochnow is probably as much to be praised or blamed as anyone for the quality of after-dinner oratory in recent decades. His anthologies of the witty, the wise and the inspirational are plundered gratefully by professional and amateur speakers. Here is a fair selection of the kind of epigrams and jokes he has helped to keep as familiar as the chicken and ice cream that precede them on the banquet circuit:

All a good executive needs for an office is a room that's big enough for his brains.

Rotarian—a person who is sober when he sings at lunch.

Despite what the cartoonists make him look like, Uncle Sam is a gentleman with a very large waste.

The most wonderful thing about a popular song is that it can't last.

An attorney said, "Moses was a great lawgiver. But the way he was satisfied to keep the Ten Commandments short an' to the point shows he wasn't a regular lawyer."

The public has the idea that no banker is a yes-man.

A friend is a person that dislikes the same things you do.

About the only difference between history and hysteria is the spelling.

The easiest way to remain poor is to pretend to be rich.

She: "I consider, Henry, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."
He: (absent-mindedly) "Yes, my lamb."

"Is Jim a confirmed bachelor?"
"He is now. He sent his picture to a lonely hearts club, and they sent it back with a note saying, 'We're not that lonely!'"

"I am Red Eagle," said the Indian chieftan to his paleface visitor. "This is my son, Big Bird. And here," he added, "is my grandson, DC-6."

Teacher: "What did Paul Revere say at the end of his famous ride?"
Student: "Whoa!"

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Q: How can I tell whether you or any other agency will get better results for my advertising dollars?

A: Ask for names of clients with budgets and needs about like your own. Then talk with these clients. They'll be glad to tell you what they think of the agency's ability. If it *has* ability, don't worry about size. A good agency has a reputation to protect — it won't accept your account if it can't give you full and complete service.

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merce and Industry and a member of the Economic Policy Commission of the American Bankers Association.

From the beginning of his banking career, the economist retained his interest in the academic world, serving as a faculty member of Loyola and Northwestern universities and as a trustee of McCormick Theological Seminary. In 1945 Prochnow was one of the prime movers when the state bankers' associations of 16 midwestern states decided to set up a summer school for bankers at the University of Wisconsin. He became its first director and still holds the post. ("One of the agreements Mr. Hoover made when I came to the State Department was that I would be able to take off for the annual two-week session this August.") The school has some 1,000 students from banks throughout the Midwest, and a faculty of more than 100.

As the co-author of *The Next Century is America's* (1938), and *Practical Bank Credit* (1939) and numerous other books and articles, the economist-banker is right at home preparing the curriculum and assembling the faculty. But the summer school also provides him the opportunity to test his talents for the winter's inevitable hard-roll circuit. As director, he makes the announcements at assembly periods, usually no belly-laugh assignment. But Prochnow laces in a string of epigrams, anecdotes and jokes which make the announcement period top entertainment.

Obviously, Prochnow's qualifications for his State department job arise less from his toastmastering and teaching than from his long experience as number one man in foreign banking at the First National (the largest bank under one roof in the country.) What Board Chairman Edward Eagle Brown and President Homer Livingston saw in Prochnow was just as evident later to John Foster Dulles and Herbert Hoover Jr. When the State department's two top men started scouting around for a successor for Samuel Waugh, who was leaving the department's top economic post to become president of the Export-Import Bank, they kept hearing, "You ought to check into the First National's Prochnow." They did—without Prochnow's knowledge—and liked what they found.

Late in August last year, Prochnow got a telephone call from Hoover, asking him to come to Washington to see Dulles, whom he had never met. Prochnow was surprised to find that Dulles, also a prominent Presbyterian layman, "knew all about my church work, as well as my banking background." The Secretary offered him the post. Prochnow went back to Chicago to think about it, talked it over with his wife, got the bank's approval to a leave of absence, and accepted.

Prochnow brought more than a desk-type knowledge of international affairs to Washington. He has traveled widely for the First National, analyzing economic conditions in numerous countries, and reporting on them in penetrating and, frequently, humorous memoranda.

One such note from a trip last year commented on the sale in some middle-eastern countries of "worry beads," which cost the equivalent of a few cents a string and are "probably worth the price." The theory: If you are worried about something, you count the beads until you forget what you are worrying about. "The Turkish monetary officials could well use some strings of the large, economy size," Prochnow observed, and added, "I think that they are going to try to pass their worries on to us."

While in Egypt Prochnow bought a wide-brimmed hat for protection against the sun at the Egyptian equivalent of about $1.25. At the conclusion of his trip, as he prepared to fly to Italy, he bought an ordinary fedora and sought to leave the huge sun-hat with the clerk. He didn't want it, so Prochnow gave it to his cab-driver. At his hotel, as he sought to pay his fare, the banker was told by the hack driver that he would accept nothing more than the hat. Prochnow insisted, but to no avail.

The hat incident still bothers the economist's relentless conscience. He has a stern code when it comes to money matters. One rule: No gambling. An example: The First National periodically hosts the financial editors and writers of Chicago's newspapers at dinner and a sporting event. At a Loop restaurant before a prizefight, someone suggested a pool, with the money going to the man who named the victor and his winning round. Prochnow's entry was needed to complete the betting, so he agreed to enter. He won the pool—$32—but sent the money to his parents in Wisconsin to be relayed to an ill clergyman there. "I just couldn't keep gambling winnings," Prochnow says.

In foreign affairs, the United States can't take such a definite stand against gambling. The stakes are high, and Dulles, himself, has talked about "the brink of war." But when it comes to personnel, Uncle Sam likes to bet on a sure thing. That's what the State department feels it got in Herbert Victor Prochnow. And if Dulles wanted to, he could probably dig up a Prochnow epigram which would prove it. ■

Peshtigo river was the only refuge for residents trapped by the fearful attack of the forest fire. About 1,500 people were killed in the area, compared to 300 in the Chicago disaster.

pictures from Wisconsin State Historical society

The Other Great Fire of 1871

On the night Chicago burned, another blaze swept a north woods village, bringing five times as many deaths

by A. E. Hrobsky, Jr.

Peshtigo, Wisconsin; Sunday, October 8, 1871. The circus had just left town, but nobody cared. Most of the 1,200 people in this lumber town were too worried to think about much except rain. For many weeks forest fires had been breaking out all over northern Wisconsin. Vigilance and hard work had so far saved the village, with its new wooden-ware factory, its two churches and schools. But everybody knew a general fire could wipe out Peshtigo.

It was the driest autumn in memory. Since July 8 no rain had fallen, except for two showers which didn't even lay the dust on the streets. To farmers, the dry spell seemed like a good chance to enlarge their clearings. The Chicago and North Western Railway was happy for extra time to clear right-of-ways and lay new tracks before the winter set in. An occasional flash fire was to be expected at this time of year. Folks were used to dropping their work to swing wet burlap bags and cut ditches to get these small fires under control. But this year the occasional fires became more and more frequent until, finally, every able-bodied man and boy had joined in a continual and exhausting struggle to prevent a general disaster.

Leaves and underbrush lay on the ground everywhere, flammable as gun powder. Men walked with care lest the strike of hobnail on stone should spark the tinder into flame. The sun was all but blotted out by an immense pall of smoke which hung motionless over the town. People in the street stopped to rub stinging eyes, and from many homes came dry coughing sounds.

To visualize this area, think of Wisconsin as a mittened right hand, palm up. The thumb represents the Door county peninsula, which is famous today for its annual cherry festival. Between thumb and forefinger is Green Bay, with the city of the same name at the base. About 25 miles north of this city, and eight miles inland from the bay, where the forefinger joins the palm, lies Peshtigo.

This is gentle, undulating land. The valleys are overgrown with cedars and spruce trees. The large, rich tracts between are covered with oaks, maples, birch and other hardwoods. The entire area around the bay and up to the tip of the peninsula was good country, and the farmers and lumbermen who were its pioneers were fighting hard to save it.

1871 brought one of the hottest summers, and surely the driest in Chicago's history. The city was still too young and too busy to replace wood buildings and plank sidewalks with brick and cobblestones. Fire insurance rates were too high, but everybody thought the North Side waterworks could tap all of Lake Michigan, if need be, to quench a really big fire. The fire department couldn't agree with this optimism. For months it had been struggling to keep a series of local fires from sweeping the city.

By September 24, fires had burned nearly to the banks of the Peshtigo river. These were no longer ground fires—which could be reached and fought. Instead, flames would race to the high tree tops, envelope them in halos of fire, and wind from tree to tree like huge, menacing serpents. The fire fighters could only lean on their shovels – and peer helplessly through bloodshot eyes at the destruction overhead. Then the wind would veer and the men would stumble off to answer an alarm from another quarter.

On Saturday, October 7, the wind died down to virtually nothing. Thousands of birds, driven from their forest homes, flapped about the buildings in Peshtigo, making the air hideous with their cries. The North Western was still operating, although it was necessary to run trains at top speed through some of the burning areas to keep

them from catching fire. Wells and rivers were running dry. Arms and backs were too sore to put up much more resistance to the encroaching fires. People began to look after themselves.

Father Pernin, pastor of the Catholic church in Peshtigo, spent most of the day digging a trench around the rectory. The soil was sandy and he soon finished a moat seven feet wide. In the bottom he buried his books and valuables, including candlesticks and ornaments from the church. Down the street, a gang of railroad workers was whooping it up at one of the village taverns. Father Pernin shook his head disapprovingly and went into the church to pray for rain.

A few miles south Older's circus struggled down tree littered roads. It was headed for the harbor at Manitowoc—and safety. When the long caravan came to a bridge which had been burned it was relatively simple to ford the dried up river bed. The fires which flared up behind them only spurred the performers and roustabouts to greater efforts.

On Saturday night, October 7, a new fire, the worst yet, broke out near Desplaines and Van Buren. For 17 hours firemen fought this threat to the city. The trick was finally turned by Daniel W. Quirk, saloonkeeper at the corner of Adams and Canal streets. Dan offered free whisky and smokes to everybody, figuring that was one way to dispose of his stock before the fire got it. Deeply touched, his guests turned out to save Dan's saloon. An impromptu bucket brigade knocked out fresh fires before they were well started and, with this help, the big blaze was checked soon after midnight.

On Sunday, October 8, the bell in Father Pernin's church sounded for the last time. Parishioners covered their faces with handkerchiefs against the choking dust their feet churned up in the streets. Resin-filled pines gave a dry, sinister sound as they swayed in an occasional breeze. After the service most people went home and barred their doors, as if to ward off some impending, though unknown, evil. A few, like Mrs. Tyler, tried to keep up a normal existence. Surprisingly, a few of the persons she had invited to tea that afternoon appeared at her door. But the party was a flop. False gaiety soon gave way to silence and private thoughts. After her guests left Mrs. Tyler met Father Pernin on the walk in front of her house. Their talk immediately turned to the chances of a general fire.

"And if a fire does break out, Father, what are we to do?" she asked.

"In that case, Madam, seek the river at once," was the grave reply.

Father Pernin continued his walk. About seven o'clock he stopped at the home of old Mrs. Dress. Despite the scoffing of her children, she, too, was deeply disturbed. The priest offered what comfort he could and went home.

Four miles south of Peshtigo John Nelligan, a strapping young logger, was returning from a trip to Oconto for supplies. He was stopped by the terrified cries of a French-Canadian farmer whose home and barn were threatened by a new fire. Nelligan joined the farmer in hauling barrels of water from an almost dry well. Between them, they saved the buildings. Nelligan continued his trip to Peshtigo.

About eight o'clock that evening people in Peshtigo heard a deep rumbling noise coming from the southwest. Some thought it was a thunder storm; others were reminded of threshing machines or the moving of many trains. The noise, whatever it was, came closer. A light breeze began to raise dust in the streets.

At half-past eight Father Pernin went to the stable behind his house and led out his horse. He turned it loose. Just then his housekeeper darted through the garden. The rumbling noise, which had grown louder, frightened her. She was carrying her canary in a cage which swung wildly as she ran. The cage flew open and the bird escaped. The woman disappeared in the darkness. The wind was much stronger.

About nine o'clock a great light appeared over the town. It was firelight. Just before this happened a number of people saw a large black object like a balloon come whirling into sight high above the tree tops. Suddenly it swerved downward and struck a house. The ball burst, raining fire on the building, which was consumed before the people inside could get out.

Then the world itself seemed to be on fire. The residents of Peshtigo rushed out and into buildings which seemed to offer refuge. The streets were filled with panicky humans and animals. Livestock had broken loose from stanchions and stalls. The domestic animals milled about with deer and other forest creatures which had fled into the village ahead of the onrushing fire. The air was unbearable; clouds of cinders and smoke swirled about, gagging and blinding men and animals alike.

At 9:15 on the evening of Sunday, October 8, the weary men of Chicago's Little Giant fire company turned out to answer a fresh alarm. They followed the light of a new fire to De Koven street. There they found several buildings burning, including a paint shop and a barn. The blaze apparently started in the barn, which belonged to Mrs. Patrick O'Leary. Mrs. O'Leary had left a lantern on the floor. The lantern was probably upset by the cow she was tending. Meanwhile, another fire, further south, was well under way. Unchecked, it moved toward the center of town, helped along by a freshening southwest breeze.

Overhead, the fire raced across Peshtigo. Carried by a hot, oppressive sirocco, the flames sped unhindered through the tree tops. The air was filled with a fiery whirlwind. As the fire spread the wind grew stronger. Upward currents from the burning town tended to create a vacuum which was quickly filled by the pressure of new air flowing from the direction of the southerly wind.

The result was a virtual hurricane which twisted off blazing tree tops and hurled them about in an orgy of destruction. This caused the deaths of many people before they had a chance to seek safety in the river. Their homes burned from roof to foundation in minutes. In these cases realization that the fire had struck was followed almost immediately by unconsciousness and death.

The fire had already destroyed the Sugar Bush settlements—eight miles to the south, killing or driving out all the people there. Some were burned in the fields and woods, caught by descending flames as they fled. A few made their way to Peshtigo, where they found more confusion and death.

John Nelligan reached Peshtigo just as the fire struck. He saw a mob rush into the town's largest boarding house. Perhaps they thought the fire would not enter a big building. Minutes later it was blazing, and those who did not suffocate were crushed when the structure collapsed. A second mob sought refuge on the bridge which crossed the Peshtigo river in the middle of town. When the bridge was nearly full a herd of maddened cattle stampeded into the crowd. For a few minutes men and beasts fought for standing room in a bellowing, shrieking melee. Then the overloaded span collapsed, carrying its burden to death in the water below.

Meanwhile, Father Penin undertook his last responsibility before looking to his own safety. Laboriously, he placed the tabernacle, a heavy box containing the sacred bread used in the mass, on a wheelbarrow. He

checked his home and church. He had already freed his horse. His dog remained. It had crept under the priest's bed and lay there, trembling. Father Pernin whistled and called, but the animal would not move. There was no time to carry the pet away by force, so Father Pernin left for the river. He heard his blue jay clattering in its cage in the garden. Putting down his load, he returned. He opened the cage and tossed the bird into the red sky. Then he turned once more toward the river.

In the center of the village he found most of those who had survived the first few minutes after the arrival of the fire. Some who had lain on the ground in order to breathe had been trampled, and others kept tripping over the bodies in the street. Parents and children rushed about seeking each other in the confusion. The collapse of the bridge had frightened people away from the river, and each minute of delay meant dozens of fresh victims for the fire. Some tried to escape the searing heat in a dried-up well. Those at the bottom were crushed by the weight of others who jumped in on top of them. After the fire 20 corpses were taken from the well.

Towsley, a millworker, was struggling toward the safety of the river with his family when his wife fell forward on her face in the road. She was dead. Quietly, Towsley guided his children into the lee of a still standing building. One by one, he cut their throats. A moment later he lay beside them as blood poured from his own severed jugular.

Father Pernin pushed his wheelbarrow through the crowd. It was nearly ten o'clock when he reached the water's edge. In less than an hour most of the buildings in Peshtigo had been destroyed. Nearly half the population had died. Avoiding the dam, which might give away and smash the tabernacle, the priest pushed his way a few hundred feet down the river bank. His eyes were inflamed and swollen and he was almost done in from weariness. With a grunt he shoved the wheelbarrow as far into the river as he could reach. There was nothing more he could do. Murmuring a prayer, he lowered himself into the turbid Peshtigo river.

At ten o'clock St. Paul's Catholic church in Chicago caught fire. Wind carried flaming wreckage against the steeple and the entire church was soon wrapped in fire. The steeple provided a high springboard from which the wind could carry embers to other buildings. By this time the entire resources of the city were contending against three separate fires. All three were out of control.

The water brought relief from the heat in Peshtigo. Father Pernin saw others wading into the river. A woman approached the bank and he helped her into the water. When she was kneedeep she murmured, "I am wet." The priest looked sharply at her face. Shock had blanked out all expression from her eyes. She wrenched her arm from the priest's grasp, and before she could be restrained, clambered back out of the water. Flames were lapping at the river's edge. As the priest watched in horror, the woman burst into flame and fell. Her body was found later, totally consumed except for the lower part of her legs, which had been soaked in the river.

New dangers began to press the people in the water. A number of timbers floated downstream and added to the confusion as they rammed into the crowd of survivors. A few cattle swam into the middle of the stream and dragged down half-dead humans. One woman grabbed the horns of a cow as it swam by. Somehow, she pulled herself onto the beast's back and lived.

Peshtigo was completely in flames. The roar of the fire muffled the cries of its victims below. Then, another woman appeared on the river bank. She was leading one child and carried another which she had wrapped in a blanket. Amazingly, they were unburned. She pushed the older child into the water, then looked to the baby under her arm. The blanket fell open, empty. She had dropped the infant in her mad dash through the flames. "My baby!" she screamed. Pushing away hands which tried to hold her back, she turned to the path she had followed to the river. It was now a solid wall of fire, and the woman ran up and down the bank, beating out the flames which licked at her hair and clothing. Then the realization that her child was beyond saving came to her. With a despairing cry she ran to the dam. As she scrambled to the top, her clothing smoked briefly, then burst into flame. She turned and flung herself, all afire, into the river.

Now the river was covered with flames which darted out from shore. People kept throwing water over their heads to keep from burning. Protective quilting and coats which were draped over women and children now steamed dry and ignited. The survivors stood neck-deep in the river and watched their town disappear.

At one o'clock on Sunday morning, the Chicago court house caught fire. The jail on the first floor was opened and screaming prisoners were turned loose to save their lives. Around three o'clock the water works were destroyed. There was no longer any hope of saving the city. Everyone turned to the lake as the last chance of survival.

After sweeping Peshtigo and the Sugar Bush area, the hurricane divided into twin columns which marched north to the outskirts of Marinette, on the Michigan border. Oddly, it did not reach the shore of Green Bay, for a party of ten railroad surveyors slept in their blankets at the mouth of Birch creek. They did not know until morning of the destruc-

This drawing of Peshtigo was made in September, 1871, a month before the fire.

tion which passed in the night within two miles of where they lay.

Meanwhile, the fire had roared east, past the town of Green Bay, and swept up Door county peninsula. Here was the greatest physical devastation that night. Many villages, including Sturgeon Bay, Dyckesville and Jacksonport, were threatened. But the fire passed them for the fuel to be found in forests and clearings, with their buildings, haystacks and log fences. No one can say how many persons died on the peninsula. Estimates vary from a minimum of 200 up to more than 600. For months afterward hunters were reporting bodies found in the forests. Many were found lying on their faces. Suffocation caused most of these deaths.

Soon after midnight the fire over Peshtigo began to lessen its intensity. Perhaps, thought those in the river, the world was not coming to an end that night after all. The heat, which had been so fierce, went down enough to let people move closer to the shore, where the water was not so deep. This was blessed relief from chills and cramps, which were affecting many. It also provided a chance to get free of the stinking fish which had died in the overheated water and floated to the surface. Now the blackened plain which had been Peshtigo could be seen by light thrown by a few glowing tree trunks which still stood. Where the depot had been stood only the boilers of two locomotives, grotesque and twisted silhouettes in the red light.

At 3:30 on Monday morning, Father Pernin and several others ventured ashore. The ground was cool enough to stand on. Bent with cramps, throats swollen and eyes paining, those who could still see led their temporarily blinded companions to the warmth of glowing embers. Here and there a tree trunk crashed to the earth and threw up a shower of sparks and cinders. People stepped over holes once occupied by tree stumps. Other holes showed how the ravening flames had pursued the very roots of the trees.

The priest walked down the bank to the spot where he had left the tabernacle. It and its contents were unharmed. "A miracle!" he said, and gave thanks.

Then he turned in the direction of his church. Even the streets had been obliterated. Father Pernin located the site of the church by a puddle of molten metal which had been the bell. The charred body of his dog showed where his bedroom had been. He went back to the shore. People were drying themselves. They lay down on the warm ground and slept.

In the morning someone found a few raw cabbages which served as breakfast for those who could eat. An immense cloud of black smoke hung over the sky as far as anyone could see. The fire had gone out because there was nothing left to burn.

Later that day a relief party came down the road by which the circus had left town. As the first wagon came into sight, it began to rain. ■

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contributors

Francesca Alexander (known to her real buddies as "Kiki"), who interviewed her father, Franz, has a master's degree in English from the University of Chicago and is currently the second ranking press agent for

Roosevelt university. She has written a number of children's books for Science Research Associates. This picture of Miss Alexander was taken by Nancy Wexler.

The man who informed on Mike Howlett for informing on Orville Hodge has gone to Tibet, lest he himself be informed upon.

Bernard A. Brunner (*A Garland for Rufus*) spends his days teaching English at DePaul and his nights prowling compassionately around Skid Row, gathering material for a novel.

The biographer of Rosa Raisa, Ruth Duskin Feldman, is a former Quiz Kid who taught in an Evanston junior high school before taking up marriage and motherhood. When she was 12 years old she wrote a science fiction book called *Chemi the Magician*, and Dodd Mead published it.

Richard Brace is a modern history professor at Northwestern, a prominent authority on the French Revolution, and the author of a widely used text, *The Making of the Modern World*. His wife, Joan, is an artist, as well as his collaborator on *Our Timid College Students*.

Arnold J. Kuhn, who reviewed *3,000 Handwritten History Books*, has a Ph.D. in political science and has taught that subject at Syracuse, DePauw and, currently, University College of the University of Chicago.

The Peshtigo fire was rekindled by A. E. Hrobsky, jr., a press agent for the Prudential Insurance company.

John Madigan, who wrote about Herbert V. Prochnow, is a member of *Newsweek's* Washington bureau and a frequent television panelist.

readers & writers

it isn't easy

SIR: When I was in Rome we called it "saltimbocca [*Cork & Fork*—June]. But call it what you may, I think you will have a hard time *sprinkling* a slice of prosciutto on top of a veal cutlet.

IRENE REPA

service department

SIR: For some years the name of Gene Gasiorowski has been affixed to maxims, letters to editor columns, poems, snide remarks and assorted stuff like that there; we have discussed Mr. Gasiorowski often as we repeated one of his pungent witticisms that had found its way into the morning news. We appreciate his quaint quips and well-chosen words and are interested in learning the following:

Is it true that this is the work of a woman given at birth a man's name? Could this actually be the pen-name of "Tubbo Dan" Gilbert? Was this flair for recognition caused by a mind depraved by unwise purchase from Arthur "Fish" Johnston, now retired? Is this the literary James Adducci?

Seriously, we hope you will send one of your able writers to gather information on a feature article on one so dear to all us readers. After all, he may be the reason not only that Johnny can't read, but that Johnny doesn't want to learn to read. I am writing this in conjunction with my associates Will Kahl and Albert Kahtraz, who refutes John Donne's theory that "no man is an island".

RUSSELL MAHOOD

Able writer Tom Sharkey was put on this case, and made the following report:

The city's most frequently published free-lance writer is a machine operator who lives with his family in a beautifully furnished, four-room $18-a-month apartment on north Greenview.

His name is Gene Gasiorowski, but his writing appears also under three other names in such places as The Voice from the Grandstand, Wake of the News, Gene Kessler, Herb Lyon, Ann Landers, The Crying Towel, Kup's Column, Line o' Type or Two, Professor Fax, Rhymes and Remnants, Inquiring Camera Girl, Quick Quiz, Man on the Street, Nate Gross, Janet Kern, Tony Weitzel, There Oughta Be a Law, Ching Chow, That'll Be the Day, the letters columns of the American, Daily News, Sun-Times *and* Tribune, *the* Polish Daily News *and* T. V. Guide.

He launched his literary career April 25, 1948, by persuading the Sun-Times *to devote half of that issue's front page to a picture of his sister's wedding. (On the second page they printed his letter explaining why this should be done.)*

Bitten fiercely by the writing bug, he began sending missives, sometimes caustic, sometimes witty (His forte is the pun—the papers seem to prefer them) in the form of 12 or 13 red-inked postcards a week. His record for one week is eight published.

To date he estimates he has made $25 from his writing. Why does he devote so much time and effort to thinking up such un-remunerative catch-phrases as "Sweden Lovely Anita Ekberg?"

"I just like to see my name in print," he says candidly. "I guess I'm sort of an egotist."

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A PAYROLL TAX FOR CHICAGO IS DEFINITELY PART OF THE STRATEGY IN THE CAMPAIGN FOR THIS REVENUE AMENDMENT.

The Taxpayers Federation Of Illinois, Civic Federation of Chicago, Illinois State Chamber Of Commerce and The Chicago Association Of Commerce And Industry agreed on a better amendment in 1955 that would correct the defects in the present Revenue Article and at the same time, protect taxpayers. The Legislature defeated the proposal of the civic organizations and voted to re-submit the same old Revenue Amendment that the people defeated before in 1952.

NOW IT IS UP TO YOU AGAIN

VOTE ☒ NO

On The Blue Ballot So That You Can Have The Chance To Vote On An *IMPROVED* REVENUE AMENDMENT.

Taxpayers Information Council 527 E. Capitol Ave., Springfield. A bipartisan group of business, professional, agricultural, educational, local labor, men and women who sincerely believe

TAXATION WITHOUT LIMITATION IS DANGEROUS

the onion patch

by Alan Whitney

This city has lately been the target of some loud horn-tooting by the exiled Iowans who reside under a cloud of smog in Southern California.

Their theme, in letters to the *Tribune* and in an anniversary issue of the Los Angeles *Times*, is that the "metropolitan area" of that "city" may one day surpass our own in population.

But no such possibility exists, because Los Angeles is not a city and does not possess a metropolitan area.

A city is a municipality with a highly developed center that provides employment, entertainment and commercial and cultural facilities for the surrounding residential districts.

A metropolitan area is the city plus communities beyond its borders which have a similar satellite relationship to the center.

The slightest scrutiny of the middle of Los Angeles is enough to establish that it is not a city. Physically, downtown L.A. is a suitable rival for Indianapolis, though considerably less lively.

The surrounding communities understandably pay little attention to this feeble magnet. They stretch out endlessly like so many orphaned Berwyns, each clustering around its own little covey of drive-ins, deprived of metropolitan life by the lack of a metropolis.

This band of subdivisions may one day stretch from Tijuana to Yosemite, but it will never be anything more than a monotonous mosaic of small towns.

That dubious destiny is unimportant, of course, to those of us who have the good fortune not to be a part of it.

It is introduced here because there have been a couple of disturbing signs of misguided zoning maneuvers that tend to lead us along the same path.

First the city council thwarted the plans of the Harris Trust and Savings bank to take part in revitalizing the Loop, by raising a petty argument about the height of a new building it proposed. The bank finally got the capricious action set aside in the courts, but by that time had decided maybe it didn't want to build after all.

More recently, a loud group of Rogers Park residents ruined a plan for construction of two nice big apartment buildings along the lake front. They got the council to rezone the property after the owner had announced his plans. This eleventh-hour trick is not likely to stand up in court either, if the builder chooses to appeal it.

The ostensible reasons for opposition to the project were that it would take away potential beach space, and would crowd the community's schools and parking facilities.

It takes only minimal foresight to know that the outer drive will be extended past this area within a few years, and the present shoreline will disappear completely to be replaced by a continuous beach east of the new roadway.

The lake front has historically been developed with large apartment buildings for the very good reason that this gives a large number of people access to superior recreational and transportation facilities. No supportable reason has been advanced for suddenly terminating this kind of construction at Devon avenue.

Rogers Park is largely an area of three-story flat buildings hugging the sidewalks and leaving little green space. It would be much better off with high rise apartments set on more open plots. That's the whole key to urban redevelopment: build high instead of covering every inch of ground. This way you open up the city without depopulating it. If you need more schools and other public facilities, you build them.

Community conservation is a fine idea, except when it conserves the undesirable and stymies what is new and progressive.

ON THAT TELEVISION PROGRAM called *You Are There*, some concern was registered one night about the fact that the Mona Lisa had been stolen. The cops finally tracked it down, and set to work on tests designed to make sure it was the real one. One of the *flics* took a measurement and then announced with satisfaction, "Seventy-seven and seven-eighths centimeters." It seems likely that if he had really been there, he would have broken down his centimeters into millimeters, rather than British eighths.

ON A PUBLICATION'S anniversary, it is customary to look back at events which have occurred through its history in the community it serves. With this issue, CHICAGO has been around Chicago for 2 7/12 years, and they have been fruitful ones, all 2.583 of them.

The city has begun producing its own grand opera again, and is about to start doing the same with serious theater. The Playwrights Theater club and its successor, the Compass Players, have provided unique adventures in dramatic art. The symphony orchestra is once more recognized as the peer of any in the country. WMFT has become solidly established as the damndest radio station anywhere. *Playboy* rose from a South Side apartment to capture the adulation of red-blooded American boys everywhere. A bunch of masochists started a local magazine to supplement, and occasionally harass, the daily press. And everybody got together to praise old Bernard Shaw, just because a lady from the North Shore thought it should be done.

The Prudential building got finished and so did the Congress street expressway and all sorts of other big pieces of steel and concrete.

We got a mayor with an uncontrollable itch to do things, both large and small. He persuaded the citizenry to be a little bit cleaner, and sandpapered the city hall to set an example. He decided it was healthy to ride bicycles, and the next thing we knew there were special paths for that purpose in the parks. He even thought we ought to have gondolas on the river; soon, as a publicity stunt for the Italian festival, one appeared. And the mayor, whose background is hardly that of an egghead, helped out enthusiastically in the Lyric opera crisis and the Shaw festival planning.

But enough of this wallowing in civic self esteem. Another challenging 2 7/12 years lie just ahead – 134⅔ weeks in which to get those square corners out of the outer drive, win a pennant and get going on some sidewalk cafes. ■

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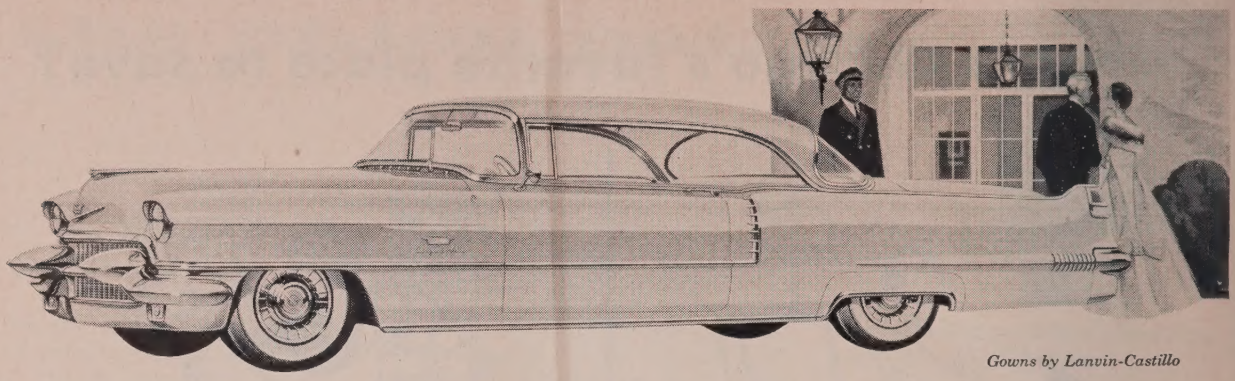

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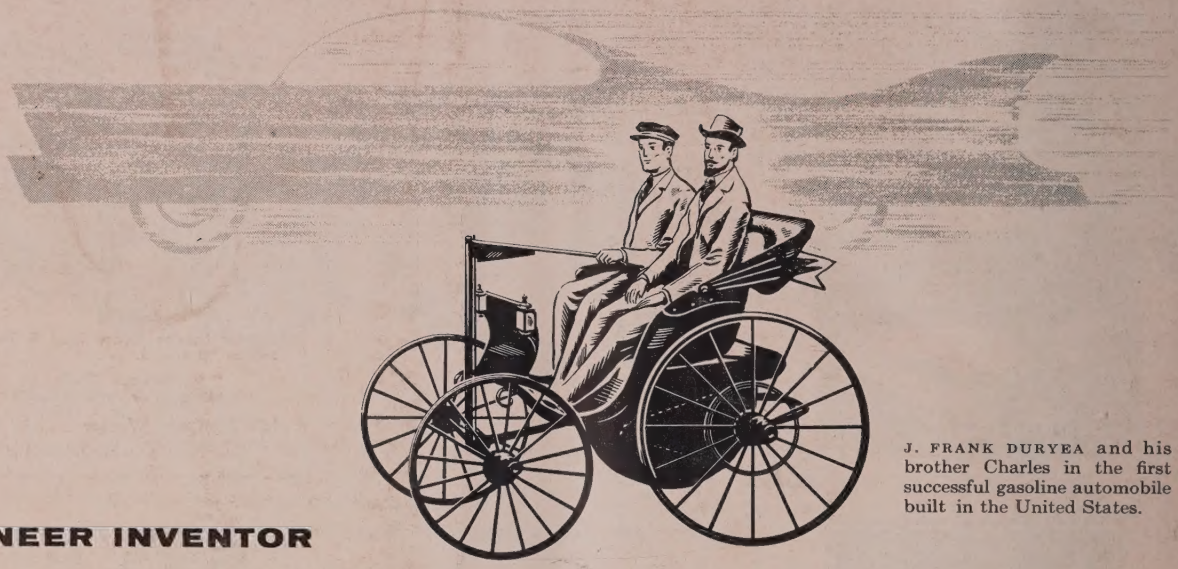

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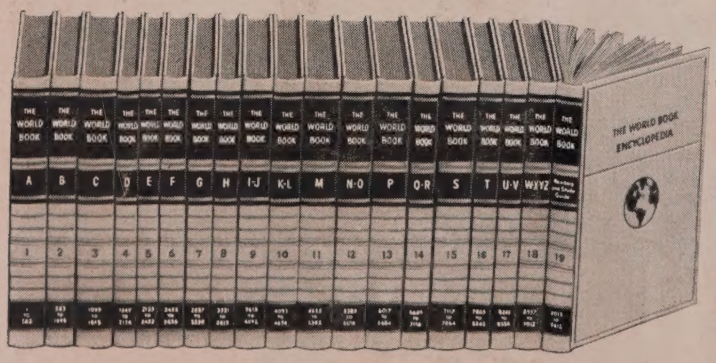

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